

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY



BEQUEST
OF
JAMES McCALL
CLASS OF 1885
1944

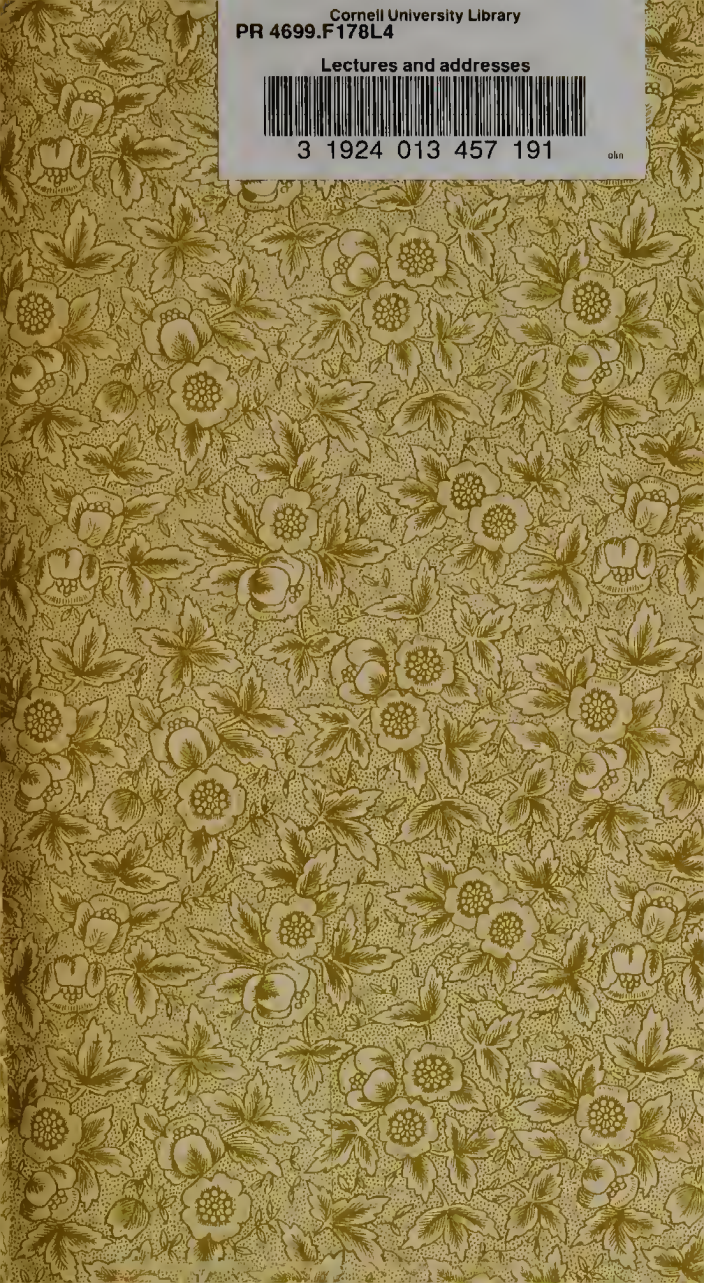
Cornell University Library
PR 4699.F178L4

Lectures and addresses



3 1924 013 457 191

oia



PR

4699

F178

24



LECTURES AND ADDRESSES

BY

FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D. D.

CANON OF WESTMINSTER.

NEW YORK:
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.

1833.

DR

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

A752237

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY
CORNELL

CONTENTS.

Dante,	5
The Ideals of Nations,	35
Temperance Address,	51
Thoughts on America,	67
The Inspiration of the Holy Scripture,	99



Cornell University Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

DANTE.

I WISH this evening to speak to you about the life and teachings of one of the greatest, perhaps I should say the greatest, religious poet who ever lived. Of the multitudes of poets who have in all ages been inspired to teach us the noble in conduct and the pure in thought, few only have deserved the high Latin title of *Vates*, a name which means not a poet only, but also a bard and a seer. And of these are there still fewer who impress us with the sense of something peculiarly sublime in their personality. Indeed, I hardly know of more than three whom I should name as exercising this magnetic effect on the imagination. Those three, are Æschylus, Dante, and Milton ;—and of these three, neither of the others in so supreme a degree as Dante.

Wordsworth, that pure and lofty poet whose soul was akin to Milton's own, has expressed this aspect of Milton's character.

“ Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

And again, in his Prelude, he calls him,

“ Soul awful, if this world has ever held
An awful soul.”

Now with all this eulogy, lofty as it is, I fully agree ; and if there be any other poet to

whom it belongs, in even fuller measure, it is Dante Alighieri. His very names sound like a prophetic intimation of his greatness. Dante is said to be an abbreviation of "Durante"—the lasting, the permanent; Alighieri, one (that is) of the "wing-bearers," of whom his coat of arms—an eagle's wing in an azure field—is the most fitting symbol.

Gray, in his ode on the "Progress of Poesy," spoke of Milton as

" he who rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of time and space,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze
He saw, but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

The last lines are but a fanciful allusion to Milton's blindness; but of Dante it may be said that he saw with eagle's eye undazzled. No poet's soul ever showed the same heroic dauntlessness. He trod, with unseared feet, the very depths of Hell, in all its agony and ghastliness; he toiled up the mountain terraces of Purgatory; he moved as unflinching over heaven's azure as over the burning marble; he mingled on equal terms among its living rubies and topazes; he saw the whole rose of Paradise unfolded; he gazed on the mystic triumph of Christ, and on the Beatific Light of the Triune God; and in every scene, lurid or celestial, before every personage, demonic or divine, whether he be speaking to lost souls, or giants, or coarse fiends, or beatified spirits of the redeemed, or apostles, or "thrones, dominations, virtues, principedoms, powers," he retains before them all and everywhere the royal Priesthood, the immortal dignity of a man—of a man made in the image of God, and for whom Christ died.

It is because such a poet seems to me peculiarly fitted to teach, and elevate this age,

and to make it blush for its favorite vices, that I have ventured to speak of him. There is no function which poets can fulfil comparable to their high posthumous privilege of permanently enriching the blood of the world, and raising humanity to higher levels. Nations that possess such poets as Dante and Milton ought never to degenerate. But they belong not to nations only, but to all the world. If any young men should chance to be among my audience to-night, I would earnestly invite them to hold high and perpetual companionship with such souls as these. And if there should be any here who have hitherto found their chief delight in meaner things, which dwarf the intellectual faculties and blunt the moral sense, I would fain hope that, here and there, one of them may be induced to turn away from such follies, to breathe the pure, difficult, eager air of severe and holy poems like the "Divina Commedia," and the "Paradise Lost."

For, indeed, the "Divine Comedy," is, as has been said, "one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language, and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art, and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power which measure and test what it can reach to ; which rise up, ineffaceably and forever, as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after. They who know it best would wish others also to know the power of that wonderful poem ; its austere yet subduing beauty ; what force there is in its free and earnest and solemn verse to strengthen, to tranquillize, to console. Its seriousness has put to shame their trifling ; its magnanimity their faint-heartedness ; its living energy their indolence ; its stern and sad grandeur

has rebuked low thoughts; its thrilling tenderness has overcome sullenness, and assuaged distress; its strong faith quelled despair and soothed perplexity; its vast grasp imparted the sense of harmony to the view of clashing truths. After holding converse with such grandeur, our lives can never be so small again."*

He was born in Florence in 1265, and I shall not now dwell upon his biography. Suffice it to say that the outline of his life may be summed up under the four words, Love, Philosophy, Politics, Exile.

1. First, Love. He was but a dreamy, poetic boy of nine years old when he first saw and loved Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari. The story of his love is told in his "Vita Nuova." Love was his earliest idol, and God—whose hand is so visible in this poet's life—early shattered it. Beatrice, at twenty, married another, and at twenty-five she died.

"Death, the great monitor, oft comes to prove
'Tis dust we dote on when 'tis man we love."

And yet let us not say that Dante's love came to nothing. It came to something far more divine than could have been the disenchantment of any mere earthly satisfaction. He might have said, with the modern poet:

"He who for love hath undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier, thousand-fold, than one
Who never loved at all.
A grace within his soul hath reigned
That nothing else can bring;—
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering."

By that absolutely pure, noble, ideal, ethereal love the youth's whole soul was elevated. The sweet child, the lovely maid, the pure and noble woman, gave to Dante's soul those wings of

* Dean Church.

unselfish devotion by which it was lifted up to God.

So, then, for his own good, and for the riches of the world's ennoblement, was Dante's first idol broken—the idol of earthly adoration; broken, or let us rather say, transfigured into something heavenly. Nor was it otherwise with his second idol, Philosophy. Of this we cannot say much, because Dante has only alluded to it obscurely and in enigma. He says that philosophy became his consolation, and he studied Boethius and Cicero. But it is clear from the stern reproaches addressed to him by Beatrice at the end of the "Purgatorio," that during these years of his life he fell away. His philosophy engrossed him. It led him to offer strange fire upon the altar of his life. He forgot the new life which an ideal love had breathed into him, and "an intellectual and sensitive delight in good ran parallel with a voluntary and actual indulgence in evil." From this he represents himself as delivered by a vision of Beatrice, now in glory, and now to him the emblem of divine knowledge. But we can see this only—that earthly knowledge was not suffered to absorb the soul which could only be satisfied by heaven, and that the second idol also was broken.

Then began the third phase of his life in politics. His public life was full and passionate. He loved his native city with an intense devotion. He has crowned her with an immortal shame and an immortal glory. Florence was to him as all the world. Hell and Purgatory and Heaven ring with the name of Florence, and are filled with Florentines. And nobly, and with stern justice, did Dante serve and help to govern her. I shall not follow him into the obscure and miserable imbroglio of the struggles of his day—the parties of Guelph and Ghibelline, the family feuds of Bianchi and Neri, which only derive a touch of interest from their connection with his intense

and supreme personality. Suffice it to say that, in the course of that divine education whereby God trains us all, as the lover had become a student and a soldier, so the student became a politician. He fought in the battle of Campaldino; he took part in no less than fourteen embassies. By the age of thirty-five he had risen to be the first magistrate of Florence.

The struggle and passion of politics, forcing him into collision with his fellow-men and with the hard facts of life, made him something more than the soft poetic boy, so sensitive and delicate, writing sonnets, recording visions, painting angels, trembling at a touch; more even than the student of letters, science, and philosophy. It also decided the destiny of his remaining years. Caught up in the whirlwinds of political strife, he hurried back from an embassy at Rome to hear that his house had been pillaged and burnt to the ground, and himself infamously charged with malversation and embezzlement. He was banished from Florence, the city of his birth, the city of his manhood, the city of his love, and hurled into exile under sentence of being burnt alive, if we ever set foot again in the city for which, for a short time, he had ruled. "Alas," he says, "I have gone about like a mendicant, showing against my will the wounds with which fortune has smitten me. I have, indeed been a vessel without sail and without rudder, carried to divers shores by the dry wind that springs out of poverty." It was long before he abandoned the hope that one day his fellow-citizens, repenting of their base injustice, might recall him; and that he might claim the poetic wreath standing by his own baptismal font in his beloved church of San Giovanni, the font which, to the horror of formalists, he had once (it is said) unhesitatingly broken to save a drowning child. He was offered, indeed to return, but under conditions which he disdained. "The stars and the

heaven, he said, "are everywhere; and in any region under heaven I can ponder the sweetest truths; and if I cannot return with perfect honor, I will not return at all." Yet how hard was that path! how bitter that lot to his intensely proud and pre-eminent spirit! What the cage is to the mountain eagle, that was to Dante the dangling as a dependant about the courts of little men. Is it wonderful that bitter words sometimes escaped him? "How is it," said his magnificent patron, Can Grande, to him one day, "that a poor fool, like my jester, amuses us all so much, while a wise man like you, day after day, has nothing to amuse us with?" "It is not strange," said Dante bitterly. "Remember the proverb, like to like." One day the Prior of Santa Croce, struck with the far-off look in his yearning eyes, asked him what he was seeking." "*Pace!*" was the answer. "Peace!" a peace which on earth, alas, he never found. He went on an embassy to Venice for his last patron, the Lord of Ravenna; and not being able even to obtain an audience, he returned to Ravenna overwhelmed with disappointment, and died at the age of fifty-six of a broken heart. A century later remorseful Florence begged that his remains might be restored to her; but the request, though renewed still later by Leo X. and Michael Angelo, was rightly refused; and at Ravenna, on the bleak Adrian shore, and near the blighted pine-woods, his dust sleeps until the Judgment Day.

Those pine-woods were green then, though they are blighted now; and Dante's life which was so blighted for himself has put forth green leaves for us. His loss was our gain. But for that long exile, but for that unutterable despair and weariness of heart, he might have been a graceful love-poet, or a scholastic philosopher, but he never would have written for all time the Divine Comedy. Like many other poets he was

“ Nurtured into poetry by wrong,
And learnt in suffering what he taught in song.”

If the myrrh gave forth its immortal fragrance, it was because it was incensed and crushed. If the gold was fine gold, it was because heaven had purged it in the furnace and fretted it into forms of eternal loveliness.

The name, “ Divine,” was given to his poem after his death, because it dealt with the most sacred topics. He himself called it a “ Comedy,” partly because it had a happy ending, partly because it was written in a simple style and in the vernacular tongue. It sums up all that was greatest in previous poetry and religious thought. It is a vision ; an ideal ; an autobiography ; a satire ; an allegory ; a moral exhortation. There had been visions of the unseen world in Homer and Virgil and in many mediæval works : there had been autobiographies like the “ Confessions ” of St. Augustine ; and bitter political poems like the plays of Aristophanes and the satires of Juvenal ; and poems full of scientific and theological knowledge like those of Lucretius ; and ideals of perfect conditions like St. Augustine’s “ City of God.” But in Dante’s poem all these elements are fused by imagination into one intense whole, and made the vehicles of the deepest religious thoughts which at that day were known to man. Without a moment’s hesitation Dante claims his eternal place among the very greatest poets who had gone before him, “ as though some stranger had appeared at the ancient games, and at once flung to its farthest cast the quoit of the demi-gods.” Nor has the “ Divine Comedy ” ever been equalled since. Wordsworth’s “ Excursion ” is a philosophical and autobiographic poem ; Goethe’s “ Faust ” is a soul’s history ; Bunyan’s “ Pilgrim’s Progress ” is a vision of things unseen ; Milton’s “ Paradise Lost ” deals with God and Satan and Heaven and Hell ; but Dante’s “ Divina Commedia ” is a work incom-

parably greater than Wordsworth's or Bunyan's or Goethe's, great as those are ; it is greater even than the "Paradise Lost." Except, perhaps, the plays of Shakespeare, which may be greater in their oceanic and myriad-minded genius, it is perhaps the supremest product which has come from the intellect of man.

But in reading Dante we must not at all suppose that we shall be able at once to grasp, and to admire him. Great poems require a severe and noble tone and temper of mind to understand them. The eminent man who said that of its three parts, the "Inferno" was revolting, the "Purgatorio" dull, and the "Paradiso" unreadable, condemned not Dante, but himself. If men prefer to make their entrances and exits on the stage of life with clowns and vices, they are not fit companions for those "whose worth erects them and their actions to a grave and tragic bearing." Dante never desired more than fit audience, though few. You will find much in his poem to scarify a feeble conventionalty. He himself warns off all base and feeble readers. "Ye," he says, "who, in your little boat, are eager to follow in the track of my bark, which speeds, singing on its way, turn back to see again your own shores. Trust not yourselves to the deep, lest haply, losing me, ye remain bewildered. Ye other few, who look up betimes for the bread of the angels, on which we can live here, but not enough to satisfy ; ye, ere the quickly closing wake is reunited,

" 'Mid the deep ocean ye your course may take,
My track pursuing the pure waters through."

The vision narrated in Dante's "Divine Comedy" is supposed to have happened in the year 1300. Dante was then thirty-five. "In the middle of the journey of our life," so it begins, "I found myself astray in a dark wood, for the straight way was lost. Ah! how hard a thing it is to tell how wild, and rough, and

stubborn this wood was, which, in thinking of it, renews my fear, bitter almost as death." And while he has thus lost his way, and lost Him who is the way, in this erroneous wood of confused aim and sinful wandering—the wood in which most of us, alas ! spend all our lives—he reaches the foot of a hill whose summit was bathed in sunshine. The hill is the high ground, the Delectable Mountain of faith, of holiness, of moral order, of Christian life ; and from the pass that leads to death Dante turns to, and makes a strenuous effort to climb the hill. But he is instantly hindered by three wild beasts : a bright and bounding leopard, with spotted skin, of which he admires the beauty ; a lion, which approaches him with head erect and furious hunger ; and a gaunt she-wolf that looks full of all cravings in her leanness. Terrified by these wild beasts, he sees a figure approach him, to whom he appeals for help. This figure is the poet Virgil, who, after dwelling on his peril, tells him that he must follow him. Now, the poem of Dante is crowded by many meanings, but the chief of these, and the only one which I shall touch upon, is the moral allegory. Of the beasts that would fain drive Dante back from the sunny hill to the dark wood, the leopard is pleasure ; the lion is anger ; the wolf is the love of money. "Behold a lion out of the forest shall slay them, a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities." * Sensuality, passion, avarice—these have to be conquered before a man can become a true follower of Christ, or climb the mountain of His beatitudes. Virgil is the personification of human wisdom—the spirit of imagination and poetry—able to witness to duty, its discipline, its hopes, and its vindications, but unable to confer grace. And Virgil tells Dante that, at the bidding of his Beatrice,

* See Jerem.

who becomes henceforth the personification of Divine knowledge, he is commissioned to lead him through Hell where sin is punished, and through Purgatory where sins are cleansed. In order to be delivered from the seductions and semblances of life, Dante is to be led to see, with his own eyes, the awful eternal realities. Thus the "Divine Comedy" comprehends all time and all space. It represents the life-history of a human soul, redeemed from sin, error, from lust, and wrath, and mammon, and restored to the right path by the reason and the grace which enable him to see the things that are, and to see them as they are.

Of the three great divisions of the poem, it is of course, only possible to offer you the barest outlines, and that solely for the sake of the remarks which I have to make respecting them.

Together the two poets reach a gate, over whose summit runs, in dark letters, the inscription :

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here;"

and Dante weeps as he passes into a dolorous realm where sighs, and lamentations, and voices deep and hoarse, and the sounds of smitten hands re-echo through the stained and startled air. Here, on the Vestibule of Hell, are the fallen angels who were faithful neither to God nor to Satan, but only to themselves; and with them swept round and round the doleful circle, naked, stung by hornets, with faces stained with tears and blood, following in countless multitudes the fluttering flag of Acheron, are all the wretched caitiffs, displeasing alike to God and to His enemies, who had died but never lived. Mercy and judgment alike disdain them. Heaven chases forth their ugliness; Hell spurns their selfish pusillanimity. "Let us not speak to them," says Virgil, "but look and pass."

Here you have Dante's central idea, that Hell is selfishness; the human will set up in defiance of the divine. The "Inferno" throughout is the history of self-will in its lower and lower stages of development. The soul in Cocytus is utterly emptied of God, and wholly filled with the loathly emptiness of self; in the "Purgatory" the soul is gradually emptied of self; in the "Paradise" the soul is wholly filled with God.

Then, after the sad, but not tormented, Limbo of unbaptized infants and the virtuous heathen, the Hell of Dante is divided into three sections, according to the three all-inclusive sins. Those sins are Lust, Hate, Fraud. There is the Upper Hell, the Hell of Incontinence; the Central Hell, the Hell of Malice; the Neither Hell, the Hell of Fraud and Treachery, in the lowest pit of which is Satan himself. The two poets, seeing and conversing with many lost souls, traverse the nine circles. They see the Impure, swept round and round, without respite, by a hellish storm, in a circle of darkness which bellows like the sea in a tempest beaten by horrid winds. They see the Gluttons and Epicures, their bellies cleaving to the dust, terrified by a barking monster, and beaten by a foul, eternal, heavy rain in the poisonous air. They see the Misers and the Spendthrifts, rolling huge stones undiscernibly in the howling gloom. They see the Wrathful and the gloomy-sluggish tearing each other in the slime of the Stygian marsh. In the red-hot city of Dis, guarded by Fiends and Furies, and reserved for Brutalism, that is, for besotted intellectual folly, they see imprisoned in burning tombs the souls of Heretics and Infidels. Then in the Central Hell, the Hell of Malice, separated from the upper by a chaos of shattered rocks, are those who have sinned by violence—against themselves, against their neighbors, and against God. Here are the Tyrants and Murderers, immersed

in the boiling, crimson waves of Phlegethon. Here is the ghastly wood of the Suicides, haunted by the obscene Harpies of Despair and Misery. Here the blasphemers against God, and all who have violated the law of nature, pace the scorchings and under a slow rain of ceaseless fire. At this point the stream of Phlegethon plunges into the abyss in "a Niagara of blood," and the serpent-monster Geryon carries them into the Nether Hell—the Hell of Fraud. Here, in every variety of shame, horror, and anguish, weltering in a lake of pitch; or hanging, head downward, in tombs, while from toe to heel a flame flickers unceasingly along the soles of their quivering feet; or crushed under cloaks of gilded lead; or hewn to pieces; or tettered with leprosy; or wrapped in tongues of flame he sees the souls of all who have sinned by Falsity—seducers, flatterers, simonists, diviners, usurers, hypocrites, thieves, falsifiers, breeders of evil discord, and all liars. Down one more chasm they descend to the lowest Hell, the pool of Cocytus, locked up in eternal frost by blasts from the vampire wings of Lucifer—the blasts of Envy, Impotence, and Rage. There, in those "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," frozen into that glassy lake in an agony which makes their faces livid and dog-like, and congeals their very tears, he finds the souls of those traitors who have betrayed their friends, their country, or their benefactors. It is a Hell of Ice, not of Fire;—"to show," it has been said, that "the most dreadful thing in treachery is not the fraud but the cold-heartedness of it," and that is the reason why, "the eyes, once cruelly tearless, are now blind with frozen tears." Lowest of all, with three faces—one crimson with rage, one black with ignorance, one yellow with envy—Dante sees the Archtraitor, Satan himself; and, grasping the shaggy fell of his frozen and bat-like wings, the poets climb up through an opening in the solid earth, until catching a

glimpse of the beautiful things which heaven bears, they issue forth to see once more the stars.

Now I would ask you to remember that this is only the crudest outline of the poem, undiversified by its human elements, its constant pathos, its oft-recurring touches of insight and nobleness. I have not attempted to give you any conception either of its terrifically realistic touches or of its numberless relieving elements. But what we ought to learn from its intense moral purpose is to see evil as Dante had seen it; to feel the same hatred and fierce scorn of sin wherewith God had inspired him; to feel, as he felt, that sin, whether it takes the forms of malice, fraud, or lust, is foul and horrid. He sets sin before us both in its nature and in its punishment; now thrilling us with fear; now melting us with pity; now freezing us with horror; now making us feel aflame with indignation—but meaning always to set before us this lesson more than any other, that sin is Hell, and that the wilful, willing sinner is in Hell; and that so long as he remains an alien from the love of God he must say, with the evil spirit,

“What matter where, if I be still the same?”

The vulgar conception of punishment is that it is something external to and apart from sin. Dante's conception is that penalty is the same thing as sin: it is only sin taken at a later stage of its history.

Let me try to show you, by one or two instances, how full this poem is of tremendous lessons.

i. First, observe the fearful illustration which it furnishes of St. Paul's words: “What fellowship has light with darkness?” Wishing to represent sin as awful and ghastly, Dante beautifies his “Inferno” with no brightening touch. The name of Christ is never mentioned in the poem, as though its accents were too

blessed to be uttered in that polluted air. One Angel only appears in it to drive back the demons who would oppose the poet's entrance into the burning city. But how unlike he is to the Divine birds—the radiant, tender, love-breathing Angels of the “Purgatorio” and the “Paradiso!” Through the gloom the poets see more than a thousand ruined spirits flying, like frogs before the waterwake, at the face of one who, with unwetted feet, is speeding over the Stygian marsh. He perpetually moves his left hand before him, as though he would wave off from his countenance the gross air of the abyss. He speaks no syllable to the Poets, as they bow to him in reverence, but stands, disdainful, indignant, on the horrid threshold, taunting the outcasts of Heaven; and when, with one touch of his wand, he has burst open the burning gates, he speaks no further syllable, but speeds back, swift and disdainful, through the filthy gloom. There can be no brightness, no beauty there; no Angel can wave his purple wings in the atmosphere of Hell. Dante anticipated by six centuries the scientific doctrine of modification by environment. If they are forced to enter Hell, even for a few moments, his very Angels become unangelic. And, in illustration of the same truth, notice how revoltingly hideous, how horrible in his loathliness, Dante has made his Lucifer. He is not the haughty, splendid, defiant Satan of Milton, standing,

“Like Teneriffe or Atlas, unremoved.”

and even in his fall seeming not “less than Archangel ruined or excess of glory obscured.” Nor is he the mocking, gibing, flickering, philosophic, gentlemanly Mephistopheles of Goethe. No; but, with far deeper moral insight, he is a hideous, foul, three-headed, shudder-causing monster—a portent at whose foulness the solid earth recoils.

ii. Notice next the awful power with which Dante illustrates the truth that men become what they desire ; that penalty bears most often a ghastly similitude to the vice whereby it was caused ; that “ wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished.” If in Dante sensual sinners are swept along a whirling storm, what is that storm but the unbridled passions of those that lawless and uncertain thoughts imagine howling ? If yet worse carnal offenders are baked by slow-heating flakes of fire, are not the thoughts of a corrupted heart full of such unhallowed flames ? If his gluttons lie prostrate in the slush, tormented by Cerberus, what is gluttony and drunkenness but “ on thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life ? ” If his hypocrites are like the monks of Cologne, with their huge hoods, which display from afar their dazzling falsity, what is hypocrisy, with its fringes and phylacteries, but such a cloak of gilded lead ? If his misers are plunged in a lake of foul pitch, what is that lake but money basely gained and sordidly spent and selfishly amassed ?—money which sticks to the fingers and defiles the mind and causes it to bubble up and down with excitement and depression, and the sighing of souls which cannot be satisfied ? What is the frozen pool of Cocytus but the heart benumbed with cruel and treacherous selfishness ? Are there no living men, who, in the truth of things, unless they repent, are doomed to such places hereafter because such places are their own place ? Nay, who are in such places now ? Is vice dead, or has it ceased to be in its inmost nature grotesque and vile ? Are there no living usurers, traitors, liars, furious, sluggards, seducers, slanderers, evil counsellors in high places and in low places, whom a Dante of this day—were he brave enough or had enough of moral insight—would doom to such scenes now as he did six centuries ago ? If so, Dante

has some very stern and very needful lessons for us as for the men in days in which he lived. Do men in these days need no warning against vulgar, meaningless, facing-both-ways lives? Are none of us stung by the wasps of mean cares? Do none of us trim and shuffle in the wake of popular opinion, following it like some giddy and fluttering rag of Acheron? Are none of us tempted, like these wretches, to stand selfishly neutral in the great conflict between good and evil? Have none of us made, like the young ruler, the great refusal?

iii. Next, I would ask you to consider the awful and almost lurid light which Dante has flung on his own meaning in the 33d canto. There, in the lowest circle, frozen in the icy pool, the poets see a lost spirit who entreats them to remove from his eyes the dreadful, glassy congealment which, while permitting sight, increases torment by rendering tears impossible. Dante asks who he is, and finds that he is Friar Alberigo, who, with horrible treachery, has murdered his own guests at a banquet. But Dante knows that Alberigo is alive, and asks with surprise how he comes to be here? He receives the fearful answer, that when souls have committed crimes so deadly as his, they instantly fall rushing down to that lowest pit, leaving their bodies upon earth. From that moment they are really dead. Their body, indeed, all unknown to them, eats, drinks, sleeps, seems to live on earth. But their soul is not in it; it is but a mask of clay which a demon animates. And he proceeds to mention others whom Dante has seen in hell, which still seem to be alive on earth, having a name to live though they are dead—being the most awful kind of ghosts, not souls without bodies, but bodies without souls. Is not the world full of such ghosts—of those who “have a name to live while they are dead,” of men and women who living in pleasure, are “dead while they live”—not

disembodied souls, but disensouled bodies, flitting about their living tombs of selfishness and vice? The fourteenth century, you see, had not yet learned to legitimize vice by complacent doctrines. To Dante sin was not a thing to make a mock at. His Cerberus, and his horned demons, and his red-hot cities, and his boiling blood of Phlegethon, and his snow of scorching flames, are but the shadow and reflex of men's vices, crimes, and sins.

iv. Again observe that in Dante's Hell each soul is condemned for one sin, and mainly for one definite act of sin; whereas you will say that sins are complex and manifold, and enmeshed together by links subtle and numberless. But Dante is awfully right here also. It is true that no man is ever contented with a single sin; yet it is always one sin, and that the favorite one, which destroys souls. That conquered, all others fall with it; that victorious, all others follow it. The lust and anger of the flesh do not of necessity or finally destroy; but when they become the lust and anger of the heart, "these," says Mr. Ruskin, "are the furies of Phlegethon, wholly ruinous. Lord of these, on the shattered rocks, lies couched the infamy of Crete. For when the heart as well as the flesh desires what it should not, and the heart as well as the flesh kindles to its wrath, the whole man is corrupted, and his heart's blood is fed in its veins from the lake of fire." The single consummations of sin which, with a glare of unnatural illumination, reveal to the man what he is, are never single acts, but are the epitome of long years of sin, indulged in thought and wish, and minor offences; just as the crimson flower of the fabled aloe issues from the sap, which has been circling in its leaves for a hundred years.

II. Time does not permit me to give you even an outline of Purgatory. It is the mountain where sins which have been repented of before death, are washed away. We have left

behind us forever the horror and the infamy, the noisome gloom, the agonizing frost, the mephitic rivers of boiling blood. No sooner have the Poets reached the upper light, than their eyes are gladdened with the sweet hue of the Eastern sapphire, deepened to the far horizon in the pure serenity of air. Overhead shine the four stars of the Southern Cross; and bidden by Cato, the guardian of the ante-Purgatory, where those sinners are detained who have delayed their repentance. Virgil and Dante come to a shady place, where first they catch the tremulous shimmer of the sea, and Virgil, placing his hands on the ground, bathes in dew the cheeks of Dante, stained as they are with tears, and with the mirk of the abyss, and girds him with a rush, the emblem of humility. Round the mountain of Purgatory run nine terraces, of which each is devoted to the punishment of one of the seven deadly sins. The penance is, on each terrace, analogous to the sin. The proud crawl along, bent under huge weights. The once evil eyes of the envious are sewn together with iron wire. The angry grope their way through a dense, bitter, blinding fog. The slothful are hurried round and round in incessant toil. The avaricious lie prostrate and weeping on the earth. The gluttons and drunkards are punished by the emaciation of perpetual hunger. The sensual expiate their carnal wickedness in burning flame. Dante has to pass through each terrace—yes, even through that burning flame. He shrinks from it, indeed, with a death-like horror. “When I was within it,” he says, “I would have flung myself into molten glass to cool me, so immeasurable was the burning there.” But thenceforth he is cleansed from sin. He is crowned and mitred over himself. He finds himself under the leaves of a forest, tremulous with soft breezes, and resonant with the song of birds, where, amid May blossoms, flows a stream of purest crystal. A gleam flashes through the forest, a

sweet melody runs through the glowing air ; and he sees a glorious vision of the triumph of Christ and His Church, and, in it, amid a cloud of flowers shed by the hands of Angels, his blood thrills to recognize a lady whose white veil is crowned with olive. It is Beatrice. Virgil has vanished, for human wisdom can do no more. And, as he weeps for Virgil's departure, Beatrice bids him rather weep for his own past sins, and, towering over him in imperious attitude, like a mother over a son who is in fault, she reproaches him so sternly for the backslidings of the past, that the Angels, as though indirectly pleading for him with the beautiful, stern monitress, suddenly begin the strain : " In thee, O Lord, hath been my hope." Then his heart breaks like melting ice into sighs and tears, and he stands mutely listening to her reproaches, like a boy ashamed of guilt, with his eyes upon the ground, and at last falls down in a swoon. Then at last, truly, utterly penitent, he is plunged in the waters of Lethe. He hears the angels sing " Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." The four Virtues receive him. He is bidden to gaze on Beatrice, and sees the light of Christ reflected in her eyes. Then he is suffered to drink the waters of Eunoe, which is sweeter than words can tell ; and refreshed like young plants which are reclad by spring in tender leaves, he issues from the holy wave purified, and ready to mount up to the stars.

The " Purgatory " of Dante represents a present reality, not a future possibility. It is the history of a process, not the description of a place. There is scarcely a page of this magnificent poem which is not full of subtle allegories and noble lessons. Gladly, had time permitted, would I have endeavored to show the mighty compression of imagination with which Dante conveys a manifold instruction in passage after passage, and how he sometimes condenses a supreme truth into a single smit-

ing line. As it is, I can only point out one central lesson of the entire poem.

It is that just punishment, though hard to bear, is yet very blessed. Into the theology of Dante we will not enter, but at least he enforces on us the lesson that forgiveness of sins is not the same thing as remission of consequences. The spirits of Purgatory are all ready to say with the modern poet,

“ Ah! not the nectarous poppy lovers use,
Not daily labor’s dull Lethean spring,
Oblivion in lost angels can infuse
Of the soiled glory of the trailing wing.”

The spirits in Purgatory are happy, for they have hope. They yearn for the presence of God, but do not desire their punishment to be shortened. They do not desire, they do not feel worthy to see God till the soft plumes of angels have brushed from their foreheads all trace of the seven deadly letters. The sense of shame, the sense of justice prevail with them. The blush of the carnal sinners in the seventh terrace of fire adds to the flame a yet fiercer glow; and when they converse with Dante, they will not lean so much as one inch out of the healing fire, because they do not desire one moment’s respite from the agony which is purging away their sin. When the poet Guido has finished speaking with Dante, he vanishes in the flames as a fish darts to the bottom of the water. Surely there is a deep lesson here. It is the lesson that

“ Hearts which verily repent
Are burdened with impurity,
And comforted by chastisement.
That punishment’s the best to bear
Which follows soonest on the sin.
And guilt’s a game where losers fare
Better than those who seem to win.”

“ I will make but one more remark about the “Purgatorio” before I pass on to say very

few words about the "Paradiso." It is, as my friend Dean Plumtre has well pointed out, that the poem is intensely autobiographical. It contains the confessions of the man Dante Alighieri. We see in it the sins to which he had been, and to which he had not been tempted. The man so proud, so reserved, so reticent, so craving of praise, so sensitive to blame, here like St. Augustine, and like Rousseau, lays bare the secrets of his soul. In the 31st canto, the words of Beatrice are the reproaches of his own transfigured and illuminated conscience. And we watch with deepest interest the gradual cleansing and dilatation of his soul. In the "Inferno" the contact with evil, and even with the Nemesis which falls on evil, had not been without its own deadly perils. He feels the taint of the vices on which he looks. He becomes half base as he listens to the revilings of the base; half false among the treacherous; savagely relentless among the furious. In the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise" he has to be cleansed from this blackness of infection. And he is so, in part, by the outward influences of all things sweet, lovely, and ennobling. By the clear reminiscences of history and literature; by the exquisite and consummate fidelity of Art, especially of sculpture; by Poetry, especially sacred poetry; by Music, of which not one note is heard in Hell, but which rings round him constantly and exquisitely in the Purgatory and the Paradise; above all, by Nature—by the serene and stainless glory of the sky, by the pureness of the dew, and by the glories of unequalled dawn. Dante had felt, as it would be well for all of us to feel, that beauty is the sacrament of goodness; that in the sense of beauty, satisfied by the beauty of God's works, we see and we recognize the very autograph of God. And this beauty is reflected in the graciousness and goodness of all God's creatures. The men, and the women, and the fiends of the abyss are, for the most

part, abhorrent and revolting; while the demonic creatures, Cerberus and the Minotaur and Geryon, are loathly; and the fiends of the Malebolge, Malacoda, and Cagnazzo, and Graf-facane, and Ciriato are as gross and as infamous as imagination can conceive. Compare these with the fair, white-winged creatures with faces like the quivering gleam of the morning star—falcons and swans of God—who move through the “Purgatorio.” Green are their plumes, green as the fresh-born leaflets of spring; and green—the radiant color of hope—are the robes fluttered by the beating of their wings; and their fair, golden heads are visible, though their faces dazzle the sight. And in the sixth circle, the Angel, who obliterates one more fatal letter from Dante’s brow, is glorious as gold in the furnace, and the touch of his plumes breathes fragrance like the May breeze blown over grass and flowers at dawn, and “sated with the innumerable rose.”

III. I shall say scarcely anything of the “Paradise.” It is the least read of the three by the multitude, and most dear of the three to the real student. Whatever else it may be, it is emphatically and pre-eminently the Poem of Light; of light, lost at last in the blinding intensity of that central lake of light and the dazzling beatific vision of Him who is Light,

“ And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternity; dwelt then in Thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence uncreate,
Whose fountain who shall tell? ”

If you would understand it—if you would feel its magic influence, you must bathe yourselves in light; you must clothe yourselves in light; you must walk in light; you must gaze on light with the eagle’s undazzled eyes. For here Dante leaves earth behind him. He talks with no meaner beings than Virgins, and Saints, and Patriarchs, and Apostles. He talks with the Emperor Justinian about the Roman Em-

pire ; with St. Thomas and St. Bonaventura about the Dominican and Franciscan orders ; with his crusading and knightly ancestor, Cacciaguida, about the beautiful simplicity which contrasted with the deepening luxury of his own Florence ; with St. Benedict about monastic corruption. He sees Adam and Solomon, St. Peter questions him about Faith ; St. James, about hope ; St. John, about Love ; and the happy choirs of heaven sink into astonished silence, and the happy lights of heaven flicker into fiery indignation, while St. Peter fulminates his more than Papal anathema against the blood-stained and avaricious pontiffs who on earth usurp " my place, my place, my place ; " and St. Bernard of Clairvance, shows him the queen of heaven herself, Mary, " who is the centre of the eternal rose," with Eve sitting at her feet ; and at last he is suffered to gaze in vision ineffable on the Supreme Triune. And everywhere, till the last, Beatrice is with him, and in her eyes are the demonstrations, and in her smiles the persuasions of wisdom.

And everywhere there is light ; in every circle of the planetary, and the starry, and the crystalline heavens ; and in the Empyrean, and in the mystical White Rose, and in the Ladder of Gold, whose summit is invisible, and in the River of Life, flaming with splendor, between two banks bright with the flowers of spring, of which he drinks ; and in the central point of light itself, " so intense that no eye can gaze on it, so minute that the smallest star in the firmament would seem a moon beside it." The very regions through which he passes are like eternal pearls, and they glide through them as rays of light enter into the water without disturbing the unity of the wave, for they are lucid and white as sunstruck diamonds. And in this brimming flood of light move the beatified saints, in melody and glory, more sweet even in voice than brilliant in aspect, circling round Dante

in vivid garlands of eternal roses, or swathed in environments of ambient radiance, shooting from place to place like fires in alabaster, happy fires, living topazes, living rubies, flaming in ethereal sunshine, multitudes of splendors fitting through the crystal gleam like birds. and even after these unimaginable "varieties of light, and combinations of stars, and rays, and jewelled reflections," there are fresh throngs of splendors—cressets, and crowns, and circles, singing round the Virgin in ineffable, indescribable glories, in blinding and bewildering brilliances. And Paradise itself is one great white rose, and its yellow centre is the Central Light, whose circumference would outgird the sun; and its petals upon petals are innumerable ranks of spotless spirits, all gazing upon the Light of Light; and, as bees flit among the flowers, so fluttering about the petals of the Eternal Rose, "their wings of gold, their robes white as snow, their face radiant as pure flame," enjoying and enjoyed, the multitude of the Angels deposit in the recesses of those happy petals, the peace and glow brought down from the bosom of God. And all these are happy, equally happy, for though, to mortal apprehension, they seem to attain a lower or a higher sphere in the circles of beatitude, they are all and equally the denizens of the mystic Rose, because the will of each and all is exclusively and absolutely the will of God, so that

" Each spot in heaven
Is Paradise, though with like gracious dew
The Supreme Virtue showers not over all."

And through all these scenes Dante passes, until at last he is suffered to gaze, for one reason-annihilating instant, on the supernal glory of the Trinity in Unity; seeing, as in one lightning-flash, which melts his memory as the sunlight melts the snow, a triple orb of three different colors, of which the one seems to

reflect the other, and the third is like fire breathed from both. Here thought and speech fail him ; but henceforth his desire and will are as a wheel, rolled on in even motion by the same love

“That moves the sun in heave, and all the stars.”

So high as that range no poetry has ever reached ; higher than that range the waxen wings of poetry are melted, and it sinks down through the intense inane.

I hasten to conclude. Dante lived in very wild days ; not in a smooth silken century like this, when so many are destitute of faith, yet terrified by scepticism. You must bear this in mind. He lived in the days when the Sicilian Vespers had deluged Palermo with massacre. He had heard, as a young man, the grim tragedy of Ugolino, starved to death with his sons in the Tower of Famine, and the awful murder of Paolo and Francesca by her husband and his brother, Giancotto. He had seen men burnt alive. He had himself been sentenced to be burnt alive by his own countrymen, on a charge which nobody believed. A few years after his poem was written, Fra Dolcino was torn to pieces with hot pincers in the public market-place at Vercelli, and his follower, the rich and beautiful Margarita consumed at a slow fire before the eyes of men. Here is a single incident in the family quarrel of the Bianchi and Neri, in the course of which his fortunes were shipwrecked. A lad of the Neri family had, in a quarrel, struck one of the Bianchi, and was sent by his father to apologize to the head of the Bianchi. This chief took hold of the boy then and there, chopped off his right hand on a dresser, and sent him back with the remark, “Injuries are wiped out by blood and not by words.”

It is not strange that such terrible times had terrible beliefs, and in all those beliefs Dante

shared. Whatever Hell may be, we do not believe that it is like the Hell of Dante, a burning slaughter-house, a torture-chamber of endless vivisection and worse than inquisitorial horrors, where souls welter in the crimson ooze of Phlegethon, or move about like Nero-torches of animated flame. Nevertheless, under that dreadful imagery, so weird, lurid, and grotesque, lie truths of eternal import. About the horror and infamies of a material Hell, about the steep ascents of a Purgatory,—if such there be—about the glories and employments of the Paradise of God, Dante knew just as much, which is just as little, as ourselves. But that there is a moral Hell and a moral Heaven; that Heaven and Hell are tempers and not only places; that they are states of the soul, and not physical fires or golden cities in the far-off blue, he knew, as all must know, who have enough of soul left in them undestroyed by vice and worldliness to know what God is, and to feel what sin means. Is there not many a man of whom, as of Dante, it might be said, "That man has been in Hell?" Happy the man who, like Dante, has struggled through the abyss where sin is punished, to the mountain where sin is purged, to the Paradise where it is remembered no more. The poem was not written to give mere poetic pleasure, but to teach and to warn. He says that for many years it made him lean. The seed of it was sown in tears, and reaped in misery," and it was intended to describe not merely or chiefly, an obscene Hell or a material Heaven, but to bring home to us the truth that this world is the next, in the light of the Eternal Yea and the Eternal Now.

I will end with two remarks.

i. One is his sense of the awful transcendency of goodness—the sense that Good and Evil are "the two polar elements of this creation, on which it all turns," and that they differ "not by preferability of one to the other, but by

incompatibility absolute and infinite ; that the one is excellent and high as light and Heaven, the other hideous, black as Gehenna and the Pit of Hell." If you would know how Sin and Holiness appeared to one of the grandest of human souls, who had the power also to clothe his symbols in the intensest imagery ; if you would be lifted from that base condition of conventionality and compromise in which good and evil are not in real and fierce antagonism, but lie flat together, side by side, in immoral acquiescence and infamous neutrality ; then you may learn a life-long lesson by humble study of the "Divine Comedy," which strips evil bare from all its masks and hypocrisies, that you may see it in all its naked ghastliness, and which shows you what is pure and good in the white intensity, the seven-fold perfection of undivided light.

ii. Observe, lastly, that Dante writes avowedly with a high moral purpose. He knows nothing of the prurient Tojan talk about art for art's sake, still less of its nudities, which are naked and not ashamed. He reveals to us, in the poem, step by step, his own moral ameliorations. He desires to make his readers participate in the same nobleness. Man, he says, in his prose work on "Monarchy" (iii. 15), stands midway between the corruptible and the incorruptible. His body is corruptible ; his spirit is incorruptible. Hence his destinies also are twofold, so far as he is corruptible, and so far as he is incorruptible. God has set before him two ends—the happiness of this life in the earthly Paradise, which may be attained by virtue, and the happiness of life eternal, which consists in the fruition of the Divine countenance, to which our own virtue cannot ascend unless aided by the Divine light, and which is indicated by the celestial paradise. Human knowledge may help us to attain the first ; Divine knowledge, by working in us faith hope and charity, can alone help us to attain the second, which was revealed by Jesus Christ.

Hence the object of Dante was to hold up "before men's awakened and captivated minds the verity of God's moral government; to rouse them to a sense of the mystery of their state; to rouse them to a sense of the mystery of their state; to startle their commonplace notions of sin into an imagination of its variety, its magnitude, and its infinite shapes and degrees; to open their eyes to the beauty of of Christian temper, both as suffering and as consummated; to teach them at once the faithfulness and awful freeness of God's grace; to help the dull and lagging soul to conceive the possibilities, in its own case, of rising, step by step, in joy without an end—of a felicity not unimaginable by man, though of another order from the highest perfection of earth—this is the poet's end." His subject, as he himself explained it, is not so much the state of souls after death, as man—man as rendering himself liable by the exercise of free will, by good and ill desert, to the rewards or punishment of justice. It is solely by realizing such truths that men can obtain the ideal character which Dante pictures forth the picture of one who, in boyhood is gentle, obedient modest; in youth, temperate, resolute and loyal; in ripe years, prudent, just and generous; and in age has attained to calm wisdom and perfect peace in God.

IDEALS OF NATIONS.

“Keep, therefore, and do them ; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes, and say, surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people.”—
DEUT. iv. 6.

YOU will see from this verse that the fame and wisdom of Israel are to be tested solely by her obedience to the laws of God. For Israel, for England, for America, for every nation under the sun there is no other criterion. Mankind has many tests ; God has but one. If the ideal of the nation be righteous, she will be great and strong. If the ideal of the nation be base or evil, she will sooner or later perish in her iniquity, and become a hissing and byword. That lesson you can learn very easily from Scripture, for, though modern religion has sometimes dwindled into a feeble rill of personal egotism, Scripture deals even more with men in masses than with men as individuals.

And the reason of this is, that in the history of nations God writes more at large the meaning and the secrets of His providence. In our individual lives they are written in letters so much smaller that we cannot always decipher them, and often we have not had time to master their meaning until it has become too late to profit by them. But the history of nations, though it has less immediate interest for our selfishness, has this twofold importance : one, that every one of us individually contributes to the glory or the shame of the nation

to which we belong ; the other, that if we have no power to save our people from walking in evil paths, we can at least do something to elevate and restrain them, and to preserve in the midst of them a saved and saving remnant which is dear to God.

Let us, then, clearly and fully recognize that we have duties, not only as men, but as citizens. These duties require us to help our nation to the attainment of a true ideal. Is the ideal of our people, as expressed by its predominant aims and aspirations, a right or a wrong—is it a noble or base ideal? So far as it is a wrong ideal, can we help to amend it? So far as it is a right ideal, can we promote and further it?

1. The ideal of many nations has been delight in war. They have not cared to have any annals which were not written in blood. Such a people were the ancient Assyrians, of whom we read so much in Scripture. In the sculptures of their kings' palaces you may see how they exulted to portray themselves. Pass the huge portals, guarded by winged bulls, and lions with human faces, and on every wall you will see delineated people of frightful fierceness, defeating their enemies, swimming rivers, shattering fortresses, dashing cities into potsherds, torturing and slaughtering their prisoners, sweeping from land to land like a devouring fire, while over their heads fly fierce spirits who protect and foster these cruelties, and eagles who carry in their claws the entrails of the slain. In the hall of Sargon that king has had himself represented stabbing and butchering his captives with his own hands. In the one domestic scene found among these sculpturings of horror and bloodshed (you may see it if you ever visit the British Museum of London), the son of Sennacherib is seated in a vine-clad arbor at a feast. Opposite to him is his queen among her maidens, and close behind the queen hangs from the branch of a

palm tree a ghastly human head with an iron ring drawn through the lip. Such were the awful ornaments of queens' chambers in days of old. Well, did it prosper, this bloody city? Did it endure, this home of lions and of young lions, where the lion fed its whelps and strangled for his lioness, and filled his dens with raven? Read the prophet Nahum for answer, and you will see how soon it passed away in fire and sword amid the wrath and hatred of the nations. And did war-loving Egypt fare better? We see her triumphant dynasts sweeping into battle amid the serried ranks of her numberless archers; we read pompous enumeration of the victories of her Ramises; but Egypt snapped like one of her own river reeds before the might of Persia, and the fellaheen scooped their millstones out of the face of Ramises, the most colossal statue in the world. We ask, then, is the ideal of England, is the ideal of America, a war ideal? Thank God, the two nations, which are one nation, may plead not guilty to that charge. War is not the ideal of England. We look back with no vaunting, but yet with pride, to the names of Crecy and Agincourt, of Blenheim, and Ramilles, of Talavera, and Waterloo, of Alma and Inkerman; but enough of such victorious names, and more than enough are blazoned upon our flags. We do not drain our resources by bloated armaments. There is no need that we should be reminded of the horrors, the agonies, the crimes of war. The nation will never draw her sword without necessity; never without a deep reluctance which cannot impeach a tried courage, but which will show a just cause of awful responsibility. Nor is war the ideal of America. You have shown to the world a striking demonstration that mighty nations can be governed and can be safe, and can be formidable without standing armies. At the wave of the hand your host of a million men sprang to its feet in the war of

North and South. At a wave of the hand, like the men of Roderick Dhu, they sank out of sight. You seized the sword in the cause of liberty. You laid it aside when that was won. "The sword," after all, "is but a hideous flash in the darkness. Right is an eternal ray."

2. But there has been another ideal of nations: not war, but glory; not the tyranny and vengeance of armies, but their pomp and fame. This, until she learned wisdom by bitterly humiliating experience, was the ideal of France. When Napoleon blasted the fields of Europe, as with the blaze of some flaming heath, he indulged freely in the empty vanity of dictating frivolous orders about the opera at Paris, from the palaces of Vienna and Berlin. To the impulses of a limitless ambition he sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives. "Tyrant," said an inscription on the famous column in the Place Vendôme—that column which was deemed so glorious that Louis Napoleon said it was worth to him more than a hundred thousand votes—"Tyrant, if the blood that you have shed should be collected in this square, you might drink of it without stooping your lips." And what came of that loud-echoing, flaming, blood-stained path of the first Napoleon?

It left France poorer, feebler, more burdened, more wretched than before. It sapped the very life-blood of the people, which was poured forth like water to feed the laurels of fruitless triumph, and yet France did not learn the lesson. The scenes of the Franco-German war are still in our recollection; the vain warning of Mexico; the plain signs of a decrepitude and a disorganization, which, by the confession of her own greatest men, were the natural fruits of infidelity and corruption; the braggart throngs who swaggered through the streets of Paris "à Berlin;" the exploded statesman who entered into the war with a light heart;

the theatric, "not a stone of our fortresses ; not an inch of our territories ;" the scenes at Strasburg and Metz ; the immeasurable humiliation of Sedan ; the reduction of the exiled emperor to a despised broken idol ; the absolute surrender of Alsace and Lorraine, all culminating the other day in the ignominious steaming of the French fleet out of the Bay of Alexandria. Alas ! it was an infinite collapse of that inflated bubble of glory. Do we say these things by way of boast over a fallen rival ? God forbid. It is not our temptation to say, "Aha !" in any glad spirit when nations fall from high estate. Nay, we pray with all our hearts, and with perfect friendliness, that France may spring from her ashes on wings of a better wisdom, a purer faith. But to this false ideal again we in England and you in America may boldly plead not guilty. That poor, delusive word, glory, occurs again and again in the dispatches of Napoleon ; I am not sure that it occurs so much as once in the dispatches of Washington or of Wellington. And this is what Wellington wrote on the eve of Waterloo : "I cannot express the regret and sorrow with which I contemplate the heavy loss I have sustained. Believe me, nothing except a battle lost is so terrible as a battle won. The glory arising from such actions is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it has any consolation to you." Yes, he sought but duty's iron crown,

" And not once or twice in our fair island's story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

A nation which follows glory follows a Will-o'-the-wisp, which flutters over the marshes of death ; the nation which follows duty has its eye fixed on the Polar star.

3. Again many nations—in the East, from natural selfishness and indolence of temperament ; in the West from preposterous letter worship of the Bible—have cherished the

grovelling idea of absolutism ; the crawling at the foot of some royal house, the deification of some human divinity. So it was under the cruel, blood-poisoned despotism of Asia. So it was under the wicked, deified Cæsars. So it was for whole cycles in China. So it was, until quite recently, in Russia ; and so, at one time—one can only blush to say it—the clergy tried to make it at the most calamitous period of our history under the Stuarts in England. From this debased notion that mankind has no nobler destiny than to be made the footstool for a few families ; that kings have a right divine to govern wrong ; that nations ought to deliver themselves bound hand and foot to the arbitrary caprice of autocrats ; from this degraded misuse of texts by an ignorant and time-serving clergy, thank God, the blood, and the good sense, and the God-fearing manhood, and the mighty passion for liberty in the breasts of our fathers saved us. We have done forever with that dismal and most degrading of epochs—the day of servitude without loyalty, and sensualism without love ; when, as the historian says, the government had just ability enough to deceive, and just religion enough to persecute, and when the principles of liberty were the scoff of every time-server and fool. Yes. Thanks to the thought, and the courage which God had put into the hearts of a Hampden, and a Cromwell ; thanks to

“ The later Sidney, Marvel, Harington, Young, Vane,
And others who called Milton friend,”

that false ideal based on systems which would have made the Bible the bulwark of an uncontrollable tyranny is past. Cæsarism, autocracy. Napoleonism is, for us and for you, impossible forever. When you fought against us in the war of independence, you were fighting us in the spirit which you drew from our own English blood. You were reteaching us the lesson

which our fathers had taught to you. The blessing has come to us both.

“ Whatever harmonies of law
 The growing world assume,
 The work is ours; the single note
 From that deep chord which Hampden smote
 Will vibrate to the doom.”

4. Other nations again, many of them, have had as their ideal the gaining of wealth. For a nation is but the aggregate of its sons, and the love of money, that mammon-worship which, as Scripture again and again tells us, cannot coincide with the service of God, has been the snare of countless individuals. Of all false gods, the lowest spirit that fell is Mammon, who, with the most hypocritical meekness, assumes the air of injured innocence and perfect respectability; even though he transform himself into an angel of light, even though he hide the heart of the demon under the ephod of the saint, like all false gods, Mammon is the curse of all who put their trust in him. He was the god of ancient Babylon, of ancient Tyre, of declining Rome, and of mediæval Spain. “If the King of Mexico has any gold,” said Cortes, “let him send it to us, for I and my companions have a disease of the heart which is cured by gold.” Yes, and it was this disease of the heart which drove the conquerors of Peru and Mexico to their careers of shameless atrocity. But if our pleasant vices are ever made the instrument to punish us, from the deep-vaulted mine springs the pale fiend Avarice, with a whip of scorpions in hand. It was the insatiable greed, as well as the inquisitorial bigotry of the Spaniard, which, most of all, moved the fury of England—the predestined scourge of that haughty, cruel, and avaricious power. The sun of Athens did not sink more surely in the Bay of Syracuse, than the glory of Spain sank with her Armada on the rocky shores of England. And that God may save His world

from endless corruption, so it ever will and must be with every nation which takes to the worship of "Covetousness, lady of ignoble competition and of deadly care, of ignoble victory, builder of streets in the city of ignoble ease." What has this material wealth, the only kind of wealth which we recognize, the only kind of wealth which Scripture either will not recognize at all, or only with intense warnings? What has it ever done for man or for nations? "Was ever any nation the better for having coffers full of gold? Look into the history of any civilized nation, analyzed with reference to this one cause of crime and misery, the lives of thousands of their nobles, priests, merchants, and men of luxurious life. Every other temptation is concentrated into this. The sin of the whole world is essentially the sin of Judas. Men do not disbelieve in Christ—they sell Him." Now, in the common name of England and America, we have pleaded not guilty to the other false idols. Can we also plead not guilty to this? I fear not. I fear that we are guilty of it in all ranks down to the poorest, guilty of it as individuals, and guilty of it as nations. The growth and habit of luxury, the multiplication of things which are falsely deemed necessary for life, the deepening cleft between capital and labor, the more and more glaring contrast between the ever-breeding thousands and boundless superfluities of the affluent rich and the cramping misery and ingrained envy of the poor; the toleration in great cities of infamous streets full of rotting and fever-causing habitations; the all but total absence of the conception that each one is the steward, and not the owner, of what we have; that wealth is a talent intrusted to us for God's service, not a gift heaped on us for our own aggrandizement; the hard clutch and grip of that selfishness which has never so much as tasted the bliss of doing habitual kindness to those that lack; the proofs everywhere of a

passion for amassing money, which gloats, like the rich fool in the parable, over its much goods laid up for many days. Ah, when we are content with all this, are we never afraid of that awful doom which crashed upon the confidence of sensual and self-congratulating ease? "Thou fool! this night—this night they shall require of thee thy soul!" There is no sin in the winning of wealth; no sin in the possession of wealth; but there is sin—sin which benumbs all nobleness as with a torpedo-touch—sin which envenoms all spirituality of soul as with a serpent's sting, in the worship of wealth; in the trusting in wealth; in the passionate desire for wealth; in the base idolatry of wealth; in unworthy means of acquiring wealth; in the selfish accumulation of wealth; in the selfish squandering of wealth; in the measuring by wealth, whether in dollars or in pounds, of the worth and success of life. "Despise the glare of wealth," said Joseph Hancock in Boston a hundred years ago. "Break asunder with noble disdain the chains with which the Philistines have bound you." Ah, if the life of England and of America become ever real enough to be guided by the Lord, to whom we profess a lip allegiance, let us judge of these things not by the smooth tongue of convention, but by the plain words of Christ. Riches may increase and may be a blessing if we employ them nobly; if we set not our heart upon them; if we use them as the wise men used them who gave to Christ their gold and frankincense and myrrh; if we use them as Joanna, the wife of Chuza, used them, to minister to Him and His; if we bring them, as Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea brought them, to His cross; if we bestow them as Barnabas bestowed them to help the needs of His struggling church. We in England have had some instances of a princely magnanimity in millionaires, and you in America yet more. On the slab in Westminster Abbey,

whereunder lay for a time, the mortal remains of George Peabody, is carved his daily prayer to the Giver of all wealth, that He would enable him before he died to render some conspicuous service to his fellow-men. Such examples are blessed; would that they were multiplied a hundred-fold. And blessed, too, in these days is every example which illustrates how few and simple are the real needs of life; every example, whether of the rich or of the struggling, which pours silent contempt on the divinity of gold. "For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies; but it shall be the nobler lot of these to clothe nations in spontaneous mourning, and to go to the grave among the benedictions of the poor."

Let England then, and let America, learn that swollen fortunes and material prosperity are no signs of a nation's strength. Pagan Rome was never so strong as when her dictators came from the ploughshare, never so weak as when in her colossal wealth she had scarcely a freeman left. In the Middle Ages, Papal Rome stood raking into chests the countless gold of her jubilee, just before she endured her most humiliating disgrace. Spain was dropping to pieces in the rottenness of inward decay just when all the gold of the New World was flowing like the tide of La Plata into the treasury of her kings. Oh, let us learn that the country's wealth means a country's weal, and that does not consist in gold, but in the justice, the mercy, the temperance, in the strong, pure hearts of her sons and daughters. Without these wealth may be but a sign of inward weakness, just as the gorgeous conflagration of your autumnal woods is but the precursor of their barrenness and the proof of their decay.

5. Once more, as some nations have had a false idea of absolutism, many, and especially modern nations, have had a false idea of liberty.

There is no ideal more grand and inspiring than that of true freedom. But what is freedom? It is the correlative of order. It is the function of righteousness. Freedom is self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control.

“August obedience by the world denied
Is God’s economy to make us free.”

Liberty is not the liberty to do wrong unrebuked. It is not to do as we wish, but as we ought. It is not to follow impulses of appetite, but to listen to the dictates of reason. It is not to rend, like the demoniac among the tombs of Gadara, the beneficent features of just restraint, but to sit at the Lord’s feet clothed, and in our right mind. To be free, for instance, is not synonymous with infinite facilities for drunkenness, or robbery, or wrong. To be free, as Milton said, is the same thing as to be pious, to be temperate, and to be magnanimous.

“He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves besides.”

The description “everybody” did that which was right in his own eyes, which is rapidly becoming a national ideal, is a description not of heroic freedom, but of modern anarchy. Man’s liberty ends, and it ought to end, when that liberty becomes the curse of his neighbors. I look on nothing as more menacing in the whole position of our race than the growth through all classes, the growth which is most disastrous to all in our barracks and schools and universities, of this base and ignorant notion that a man ought to be free to do what he likes. It seems to me a drying up of the very spring of national nobleness. It was in the days of the slave trade, when, as we are told, the loudest yelps for liberty always came from the drivers of the negroes. “Would you interfere with the liberty of the subject?” sneers the economist to the material reformer. No! But if

the liberty of one subject is to mean the slavery of ten thousand I would trample the liberty of that subject into the dust. I would trample every vested interest or sham-vested interest into the dust which exists only for the blight and ruin of mankind.

I would have no trees among us, which ought only to grow in that thicket of the Inferno, where the trees are the souls of self-destroyers, on whose grim branches the Harpies build their nests. Let us not confuse liberty with license; with demagogism; with the anarchy of the socialist; with the undetected tyranny of rings; with the wire-pulling of the interested; with the shout of the noisiest; with the tyranny of the strongest; with the violent silencing of the voices of the wise and reasonable few; with that dead level of envious mediocrity in which every mole-hill is a mountain and every thistle a forest tree. We do not want the liberty of the Reign of Terror with its lullaby the Carmagnole, its toy the guillotine, nor of the Parisian Commune, with cities shattered with dynamite, or blazing with petroleum. "That a good man to be free, as we call it," said Carlyle, "and to be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him and to those about him, but that a man may be free to be permitted to unfold himself in his particular way is contrariwise the fatalest curse you can inflict upon him, a curse and nothing less to him and to all his neighbors. Him the very heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, to compel him to something of well-doing and if you absolutely cannot, the only blessing left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to." Liberty cannot be had but at the price of eternal vigilance. The wise and the refined must not shrink with cowardly fastidiousness from the effort to keep it pure. Nations must have courage enough and nerve enough to put down every form of crime, whether respectable

or disreputable, every crime whether plated with gold or clothed in rags, with the infliction of stern, swift, and wholesome penalties. Liberty is no true liberty if she suffers the cheat, or the officer or the treacherous invader of her own prerogatives to find inviolable refuge under the shadow of her shield. She is false to her mighty beneficence if she deal not with the unblushing, multitudinous immorality of the states which spring up under her shelter, if she does not trample out of existence the hot-beds of temptation. Woe to the nation which is not fearlessly faithful enough to grapple with its own vice and its own corruption. Woe to the nation which has become too feebly timid to repress infamy, too morally perplexed to scourge the back of crime. Let the hands of every man who stands erect, every man and woman in God's sacramental altar tear down from its pedestal the brazen image of such a spurious freedom and break it into pieces. Call it nehushtan, a thing of brass, nor suffer men to exclaim in anger, "Oh Freedom, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

To conclude, then, what should be the one and only true ideal of each nation, if it would indeed be a wise and understanding people? Let the frivolous sneer and the faithless deride, but there is only one such ideal. It is duty. It is righteousness. It is the law of Sinai. It is the law of Christ. It is purity of life. It is honesty of trade. It is absolute allegiance to truth. It is the inviolable sanctity of the marriage law. There is a law above all the enactments of human gods, the same in all times. It is the law written by the finger of God upon the hearts of men, and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise, fear, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the delusion that any iniquity and any idolatry can ever be anything to man or to nations but a ruin and a curse. If a nation be not the uplifter of this power of

righteousness, it is predestined to ultimate in an irretrievable ruin. The heathen may rage and the people imagine a vain thing, but where they strove to rear their Babels in opposition to His eternal will, God shall send forth His voice and the earth shall melt away, "For glory," said Oliver Cromwell to the men of England, "you glory in the ditch which guards your shores; I tell you that your ditch will not save you if you do not reform yourselves." It is no less true of America, I have said before; I say again, she may be the enlightener of the nations, the beautiful pioneer in the vanguard of the progress of the world, but should the day ever come when she shall choose to spread a table to fortune, or to enshrine Mammon upon her altars; should her commerce become dishonest, her press debased, her society frivolous, her religion a tradition and a sham, then, though the double ocean sweep her illimitable shores, their waves shall but flash to future generations a more sad, a more desolate, and a more unending dirge. The Bible is still the best handbook of the worthy citizen, for it teaches us many truths which make nations strong and keep them so. It will teach us firmness in the appointed, inscrutable law of human life, and in the great race of mankind we must hand down to future generations a brighter and ever brighter torch of knowledge and of love. It will teach us to know man simply as man, and to regard all men, from the highest to the lowest, as absolutely equal before the bar of justice; equally under the stroke of her sword, equally under the shadow of her shield. It will teach us that always and invariably the unjust and immoral practices of this class must be put down in the interests of the community, and that the interests of the community are subordinate always to those of the entire people. And it will teach us that the true glory of nations lies not in the splendid misery of war, but in the dissemina-

tion of honorable happiness and encouragement of greatness, and the suppression of vice; and it will teach us that the true wealth of a nation is not in gold and silver, but in the souls of strong, contented, and self-respecting men; and it will teach us that the true freedom of a nation lies not in the anarchic right of licensed temptation and unrestricted facilities for crime, but in the bonds of a material obedience deeply cherished by the good, but inexorably enforced on all the bad. When statesmen and nations have learned these lessons they will not be long in learning others. Nations will aim at only such conditions of life and government as shall make it easy to do right and difficult to do wrong. They will see that politics, no less than individual conduct, have no other rule than the law of God. Statesmen will not toil for reward. They will not count on praise. They will hold allegiance to the loftiest ideal of godliness to be far dearer than claims of party and all the glories of place. Like Edmund Burke, they will bring to politics a terror of crime, a deep humanity, a keen sensibility, a singular vivacity and sincerity of consciousness. Like Sir Robert Peel, they will, amid all the fortunes of their career, be able to turn from the storm without to the sunshine of the approving heart within. Like Washington and Lincoln, they will be just and fear not, putting their trust in God. They will not be afraid to cut against the grain of godless prejudice. They will not be sophisticated by the prudential maxims of an immoral acquiescence. They will sweeten with words of justice and gentleness the conflicts of party. They will be quick to the encouragement of virtue. They will be fixed and fearless, and all the strong and God-fearing men and women, and all the pure and noble, all the bright youth, will help them to be inviolable, inexorable in the suppression and extirpation so far as the powers of govern-

ment can do it, of all apostacy from the eternal laws of God. Happy are the people that are in such a cause. Blessed are the people that have the Lord for their God.

•

TEMPERANCE ADDRESS.

DELIVERED AT CHICKERING HALL, NEW YORK,
OCTOBER 29, 1885.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

I MUST, first of all, thank you from my heart for this far too kind and generous recognition of such poor efforts as I have been enabled to make in the cause of Temperance. Your appreciation will be to me the strongest outward incentive which I have yet received, if, indeed, any incentive were needed to prevent my flagging in so sacred a cause. But I will venture to hope that this reception is given to me because of what I have done, or rather tried to do, in the past, and not in the expectation that I can make to you any great speech on the present occasion. I cannot do it, because already in America, my time has been too much occupied, and my physical power strained to the utmost by the repeated necessity for addressing large audiences.

On this ground to-day, also, my remarks will be general, and above all, they will be free from any admixture of oratory, rhetoric, or eloquence—words of which the two first have always had for me an obscure meaning, and of which the third expresses a magnificent gift of God, to the possession of which I have never had the smallest claim, or put forth the smallest pretension.

1. Let me begin with telling you why I became a total abstainer. Perhaps, at this point, some of my non-abstaining friends will shudder and say to themselves, now we are going to have a specimen of that intemperate language which a bad and stale epigram has identified with temperance reformers. Now we shall have all kinds of interference with the liberty of the subject on the plea of ending the slavery of the abject. Now we shall hear dubious Scripture arguments, and uncharitably Pharisaic judgments. Ladies and gentlemen, in my hands I think that you ought to feel secure. I am a Vice-President of the Church of England Temperance Society, and that great society is on a double basis, and not only welcomes, but cordially invites, the co-operation of its non-abstaining section. I am ready to defend the principles of Total Abstinence when they are attacked, and even when they are depreciated; but I am not ready, and never have been ready, to say one word which should be construed into the condemnation of my brethren. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. The statement of my own reasons for having become, ten years ago, a total abstainer, is not meant to involve the shadow of the shade of a judgment upon others.

2. My reasons, then, for taking the pledge were partly general and partly special. First, I became convinced that the use of alcohol in any form was not a necessity. I saw that whole nations have lived and flourished without it. I believed that the whole race of man had existed for centuries previous to its discovery. I was struck by the indisputable fact that in England 20,000 inhabitants of our prisons, accustomed to it all their lives, and the majority of them brought into prison directly or indirectly by the abuse of it, could be, and were, from the moment of their imprisonment, absolutely deprived of it, not only

without loss, but with entire gain to their personal health. Men enter prison sickly and blighted, are deprived of drink, and leave prison strong and hale; and women who, when incarcerated, are hideous to look upon, after being made compulsorily sober by Act of Parliament, recover the bloom of health and almost of beauty. Next I derived from the recorded testimony of some of our most eminent physicians that the use of alcohol is a subtle and manifold source of disease even to thousands who use it in quantities conventionally deemed moderate; and from the testimony even of many who discountenanced total abstinence that all the young, and all the healthy, and all who eat well and sleep well do not require it, and are better without it. Then the carefully drawn statistics of many insurance societies convinced me that total abstinence, so far from shortening life, distinctly and indisputably conduced to longevity. Then I accumulated proof that drink is so far from being requisite to physical strength or intellectual force, that many of the greatest athletes, from the days of Samson onwards, "whose drink was only of the crystal brook," have achieved, without alcohol, mightier feats than have ever been achieved with it; and many of the world's wisest, even if they have not said with Pindar, have yet drawn a better inspiration from other sources than can be drawn chemically from the fumes of wine. Seeing, all which, and much more—seeing, too, in the Holy Scripture God's own approval of His Nazarites, who, as the Prophet Jeremiah tells us, were "purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphires." I saw, or thought I saw, grounds sufficient and superfluously sufficient to make me an abstainer. And besides all this I knew that the life of man always gains by the abolition of needless expenses and artificial wants.

Your own wise Benjamin Franklin said a hundred years ago, "Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, clothes on the bairns, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the constitution."

Some of us then, perhaps, became abstainers on some such grounds as these. We believed by evidence, and we found by experience, that our small self-denial, if self-denial it could even be called, would conduce to health, to clearness of mind, to strength of body, to length of days and simplicity of life. Further than this, we saw that life is full of temptations, and that there was one fatal temptation, at any rate, from which we should be absolutely and under all circumstances exempt.

3. And yet these, I will venture to say, were not the reasons which prevailed with most of us. We looked into the field of history, and from the days of that horrible scene in the tent of the Patriarch down to the records of yesterday, we saw that from the flood downward strong drink had been to the masses of mankind a curse intolerable in its incidence and interminable in its malignity. Even the most ancient writers, profane as well as sacred, have, like Lucretius, described with horror and indignation the agonies and the crimes caused by drunkenness; and even the most ancient nations, like the Spartans, have endeavored to repudiate its seductions. It is sometimes hinted that total abstainers are plebeian and ignorant persons; but plebeian and ignorant as we may be, we can refer in support of our views to books the most refined, to authors the most fastidiously delicate, to statesmen the least wedded to our favorite convictions. Read Mr. Trevelyan's chapter on "The Age of Gout," in his life of Charles James Fox; read Sir Henry Havelock's contrast of the siege of Ghuzree by an army without drink, and of the siege of Lucknow by an army with drink, read

Sir John Kaye's thrilling history of the Indian mutiny, and see how the drunkenness of the troops on the day after our first lodgment in Delhi was within an ace of causing to us the total loss of our Indian Empire ; read what Mr. Kinglake says in his " History of the Crimean War," of British soldiers, gentle as women and brave as lions, until, and only until, the drink came to demoralize and degrade them ; read the testimony of many eminent generals that a sober army is an army almost without crime ; read Mr. Lecky's remarkable chapter in his " History of European Morals," of the effects caused by the introduction of gin among the lower classes in the year 1724, a year which, on that account, he brands as unapproachable in prolific calamity ; read the testimony of Bishop Benson, the friend and patron of Whitefield, that gin was making the English people what they never had been before—cruel and inhuman—and that these " cursed spirituous liquors," as he calls them, had changed the very nature of the people ; read the passionate denunciation of the Gin Act by the most polished gentleman of his day, the famous Lord Chesterfield, as an act " calculated for the propagation of diseases, the suppression of industry, and the destruction of mankind." Shall I go farther back still, and tell you how, 350 years ago, Shakespeare wrote " Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine, if there is no other name thou art known by, let us call thee devil ; " how, 250 years ago, Bishop Hale said that " it needed a deluge of fire to purge England from her drunkenness " how, 200 years ago, the great Judge, Sir Matthew Hale, declared that " four crimes out of five were the issue of excessive drinking in taverns and ale-houses." Shall I come down to the last generation, and quote to you the testimony of such men as Charles Lamb, as Harley Coleridge, and Robert Burns ; or shall I come down to the present day, and quote to you (as I could do)

words—words which, if used by us, would have been denounced as among the worst instances of the intemperate language of temperance reformers—of men of letters like John Morley, and John Ruskin, and Thomas Carlyle, and of the Archbishop of York, and of the Bishop of London, and of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and of Lord Coleridge, and of nearly every judge who sits on the bench of British Themis, and who knows, by daily and dreadful experience, that drink is *totidem literis* the very synonym of crime. Gentlemen, it is all nonsense for the defenders of drink to try upon us either the conspiracy of silence or the inquiry of contempt. As to the first, we will make our own voices come back to us in millions of echoes ; as to the second, we know that contempt is only powerful against that which is contemptible.

4. Or if we needed proof of our position—proof that we abstainers are not the mere ignorant fanatics which we are described to be—let us pass into an atmosphere which is, I fear, singularly unsusceptible to the blind passion for social reform—the atmosphere of the English House of Commons. It is rarely that I have seen a thrill of manifest emotion pass through that assemblage ; but I saw and I felt the thrill, I saw it pass as a breeze passes over the fields of summer corn, when, four years ago Mr. Gladstone, standing at the table as Prime Minister, said that drink had produced evils more deadly, because more continuous, than those caused to mankind by the great historic scourges of war, famine, and pestilence combined. The sentiment was not original. It had first been said by a brewer of genius, a Member of Parliament, Mr. Charles Buxton, who had had amplest opportunities of knowing the truth of what he said. But Mr. Gladstone quoted it ; he accepted it ; he indorsed it with all the weight of his high position, of his immense experience, of his vast

knowledge of mankind. He indorsed it ; he abides by it ; he has never withdrawn it. He is not a total abstainer. There are some temperance reformers who do not think that his liquor-legislation has been successful ; there are many who believe that he might have yielded more to us, might have done more for us, than he has done. But at least he has done our cause the service of this tremendous sentence, so fatally true, so awfully descriptive, so overwhelming a justification of all we have done and said—nay, so smiting a reproof to us that, after all, we have done and said so little. For, if words have any meaning at all, only think what those words mean. War—you know by no remote experience what war is—its agonies, its horrors, its crimes ;—its widowed homes, its orphaned children, its ghastly wounds—youths with their lives prematurely cut off—brave men with the life-blood slowly ebbing from their veins in the chill moonlight, on the crimson turf. Famine, we know that where that meagre spectre stalks in cities, it turns men into wild beasts, and makes the mother's eye cruel to her infant at the breast. Pestilence we have had of late ; it turns the inhabitants of cities into poltroons ; how men fly from it in thousands, in panic-stricken cowardice ; how it paralyzes industry ; how it snatches the last consolation from the living, and a hallowed grave from the dead ; and is there to be vice, a preventable vice, in the midst of us which causes evils deadlier, because more continuous, than the three great historic scourges, War, Famine, and Pestilence combined ? And are we to be cold, indifferent, so neutral, so selfishly acquiescent, making no serious, no united effort to put an end to this wide-wasting conflagration—to this immeasurable catastrophe ? War, if in time of war he deserves a civic crown who saves the life of a single citizen ; famine, if he be benefactor of the race who makes two corn-ears grow where

but one grew before ; pestilence, if one of the noblest acts of history is that of him who stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed ;—if in time of war, blessed are the peace-makers ; if in days of famine it be noble to feed the hungry ; if in visitation of plague it is divine to heal the sick ; then surely, in face of an evil more deadly in its effects, because more continuous, than war, famine and pestilence combined, we must be at the last gasp of national honor, in the last paralysis of national selfishness, if there be not among us enough salt of morality, enough fire of courage, enough passion of enthusiasm, to grapple with this intolerable curse.

5. But, gentlemen, I can tell you in four letters of one motive for abstinence, which in my own mind was as Aaron's serpent rod and prevailed over all the rest. It was pity, sheer human pity. I will not stop to tell you the horrible results of drunkenness which, in my own parish, under the very shadows of the great Abbey, I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. If I did I could indeed say to you

“ Come, sit you down,
And I will wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff
If damned custom have not brazed it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.”

But I may presume that I am speaking to those who are familiar with the common facts—so common yet so ghastly—which in England, at any rate, are enough to make us blush with shame and burn with indignation. I believed, and still believe, or rather I now not only believe but know, that by becoming an abstainer, by taking part in Temperance Reform, I could help others ; and if others could have known and seen all that I have seen, I believed that in their case, too,

“Pity like a naked, new-born babe
Striding the blast, and heaven’s cherubim horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air
Would blow these horrid deeds in every eye,
That tears could drown the wind.”

I would then appeal to all for pity;—pity for the vast multitudes who become the helpless victims of a dead chemical product, potent to destroy the souls for which Christ died; pity for the ravages wrought by this bitter source of human woe; pity for the hundreds and thousands of men, who, under this hideous fascination, degrade their lives into misery and pollution of a long-continued death; pity for the youths who thus “pour poison into the roses of their youth,” so that its root is as rottenness, pity for the hearts of mothers rent by anguish for these their ruined prodigals; pity for the wives and husbands on whose hearth burn the fires of hell; pity for the unmotherly mothers and unwomanly women who nigh turn motherhood to shame, womanliness to loathing; pity for those lurid tragedies where the vitriol maddens; or is there no voice strong enough to plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of their bodies; pity for the little children who, in the awful language of South are, because of drink, not not so much born into the world as damned into the world, born to lives of disease and degradation, or in these Christian lands yearly pass through the fire to this idol in far vaster multitudes than were ever sacrificed of old in the Valley of Hinnom to Moloch the abomination of the children of Ammon; pity for England, which now, for fully two centuries, has been writhing in these dragon-folds of licensed temptations; pity for the whole race of mankind, which sends up a cry from every polluted continent, and which yet cherishes—aye, and fondly—in its bosom this venomous and deadly asp. Alone of human woes, dear heaven, it is a curse of which the entail might be at

once cut off; and yet mankind, partly blinded by conceit, partly seduced by pleasure, and partly rendered callous by greed, still suffers drink for year after year, in every continent, almost in every city, to blast innumerable careers and to blight innumerable homes—a folly, which almost drives us to say with the despairing moralist that it seems as if humanity were still half serpent and yet half extracted from the clay, a lacertian brood of bitterness whose trail is on the leaf a guilty slime and in the land a useless furrow.

6. Gentlemen, this cause of temperance Reform, which, in my own mind, and I believe in the minds of millions, is mainly the child of pity, appeals to us as Humanitarians; it appeals to us as Philanthropists; it appeals to us with million-fold force as Christians; but if I harrowed the ground quite indefinitely, might I not assume that it should appeal to us with gigantic force merely as patriots. “National crime,” said Oliver Cromwell, “is a thing that God will reckon for; and I wish it may not lie on the nation a day longer than you have an opportunity to find a remedy.” The drink system is a national crime. “A prosperous iniquity,” said Jeremy Taylor, “is the most unprofitable condition in the world.” I so hold the drink system is a prosperous iniquity. “I do not believe,” said Burke, “that any good constitution of government or freedom can find it necessary to drive any part of their people to a permanent slavery.” The drink system overcomes tens of thousands. “If I thought,” said your own great orator, Daniel Webster, “that there was a stain upon the remotest hem of the garment of my country, I would devote my utmost labors to wipe it off.” This is the duty of every patriot. This is what, in my small measure, according to my feeble capacity, I have striven to do. For, whatever may be the case in America, it is certainly the case in England that drunkenness

and the licensed, the profitable, the wealth-producing monopoly which causes drunkenness, is a stain not only upon the hem but dyeing all the white robes of England, a stain of the deepest dye—a stain deep and crimson enough to incarnadine the multitudinous lives over which she rules.

7. Yes, and I will confess that I am weary and disheartened by the slowness of our progress. After so many years of struggle, we are misunderstood, we are misrepresented, we are incessantly made the object of taunts and sneers. For this we care nothing, or less than nothing. They say—what say they?—let them say. Let echo repeat, if it will, the sounds that are emptiest. Let men fling more stones at us than other men have roses showered on them. We have counted the cost. We have learnt the lesson which some of your own great speakers have helped to teach us that God is the only final public opinion; that one with God is always in a majority. But what we do grieve at is, if not the comparative failure of our efforts, yet the painful slowness of our success. We have seized the axe, we have thrown it to its backmost poise. We have struck sturdy strokes, but as yet we have hardly wounded the tough rind of this upas tree. We have not split the gnarled obtuseness of the prejudices which are opposed to us. We have not cleft the hoary head of inveterate abuses. We have wrought no deliverance on the earth, and are not better than our fathers. And yet

“ We bate no jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear on, and steer
Up-hillward.”

Cobbett wrote and spoke but for few years, and then he was helped to carry the Reform Bill. Cobden and Bright harangued for ten years, and then, in the teeth of antagonistic prejudice and ignorant selfishness they pro-

cured the abolition of the corn-laws. It is fully a hundred years since temperance efforts began in England. It is more than fifty years since Joseph Livesey and the seven men of Trenton, formed the first society of Total Abstainers, and yet, in spite of an abstract resolution in favor of local option, thrice passed by increasing majorities in the House of Commons, we have scarcely advanced one step nearer to effective legislation. So strong is the might of callous selfishness, of interested wealth! Yet we do not and we will not despair. I have some hopes in the recent enormous extension of the franchise. I shall see cause to despair, indeed, if the more the power is given into the hands of the people, the less it does not become in the tyrannous hands of gin distillers and publicans. "Give me," said Wendell Phillips, "anything that walks erect and can read, and he shall count one in the millions of the Lord's sacramental host, which is yet to come up and trample all oppression into the dust." I know how dumb, how patient a people may be when it has succumbed for long years to the temptations so sedulously prepared for it, when the minimum of resistance is enringed as with a cordon of fire by the maximum of seductive ruin, when it is baffled by sophistries, and bewildered by epigrams, and deafened by the cries for liberty which are often raised most loudly by oppressors. But I know, also, that if we still try to educate in the people the moral sense, if we awaken in drink-besotted multitudes the dormant conscience, if we kindle in slain souls the passion for deliverance, sooner or later the people will speak in a voice of thunder; in a voice whose mandates can no longer be resisted; in a voice whose roar shall be as the sound of the advancing chariot wheels of Retribution; in a voice which shall thunder through senates and palaces, and be heard at the Almighty throne. When the snow begins to vanish from the crater of the

volcano, the day may not be distant when bel-
lowing eruptions shall shatter its rocky fast-
nesses, the burning lava shall flood its slopes.

8. It is thus that every great moral, social,
and religious reform has been achieved. Many
spring from the few, mostly from the individual,
one man becomes impressed with a deep con-
viction. It haunts—it masters him. It be-
comes the ruling purpose and passion of his
life. While he is musing the fire burns, and at
last he speaks with his tongue. And no sooner
has he spoken, be it even with a tongue stam-
mering like that of Moses, than he finds that
he has not been solitary in his convictions.
Others have already thought as he has done.
They rally round him; they catch fire with a
common enthusiasm; they flash into other
hearts the same nobleness, the same readiness
to spend, and to be spent, in a good cause.

This was the history of the abolition of
gladiatorial games. This was the history of
the Reformation. This was the history of the
most lovely and righteous acts in the long an-
nals of England—first the abolition of the slave-
trade, then the emancipation of the slave.

Whenever I walk through the aisles of West-
minster I see the record of the struggle there
in the grave of Wilberforce, the statue of Sir
F. Buxton, the tombs of Granville, Sharp, and
Zachary Macaulay, who rescued their native
country from the guilt of using the arm of free-
dom to rivet the fetters of the slave. Such
memorials are the historic witnesses to great
truths. They remind us of the toil and the
peril required for moral reformation; the slow
awakening of the conscience of mankind; the
kindling of enthusiasm, first of all, in the minds
of the few, and then its reflection like some
beacon-light flashed from mountain peak to
mountain peak by the minds of the many.

Well, gentlemen, in this great crusade to de-
liver mankind—at any rate to deliver, to the
utmost of our power, the English-speaking race,

to whom are manifestly intrusted the future destinies of the world—from this curse of intoxication, next to God, we must trust to two things—one the life-long purpose of some intense and absorbing enthusiasm, burning like the altar flame in the heart of some single man, or of some few men; and next, the rousing of some great people shaking those invincible locks—the laws of the moral convictions—which lie like the sunny locks of Samson, waving over its illustrious shoulders. Men—single men—must rise first like Clarkson, or Lloyd Garrison; groups of men, like the early Abolitionists, who shall not be afraid to lift their strong arms to bring heaven a little nearer to this earth. And if we cannot be of these glorious few, we may help them in the moral world by something analogous to the physical law, which is known as the superimposition of small impacts. Let the great beam of iron hang in the air, dull, and heavy, and motionless; strike it again and again with but a little pellet of pith or cork. At first your endeavor will look utterly ridiculous. Every one will laugh at you. But however, it will not be long before the great mass begins to thrill, then to shiver, then to tremble, then to move, then to sway and oscillate, lastly to swing with vast, regular, and rhythmic swing. The thousands of tiny impacts have had an aggregate or collective force, stronger than would have been produced by a giant's arm. In this way, at least, we all can give our help. In this way each one of us may contribute his infinitesimal quota to the amelioration of the world.

9. But you in America must help us in England with all your might. You in this matter must lead the way. You are doing it. I do not say it to flatter you. I do not desire to flatter you. I say it in the dark. In all matters of Temperance Legislation, in the education and enlightenment of the moral sense on the great question, you are already far ahead

of us. In this field, more than any other, you can repay the debt of gratitude you owe to us. You owe to us the debt of your liberty of independence, for it was Hampden and Cromwell, and young Vane who sowed the seed which resulted for you also, after your civil war, in the glorious decision that there should be slaves no longer in the country of the free. "Only once in the broad sweep of human history," said Mr. Wendell Phillips, "only once was any nation lifted so high that she could stretch her imperial hand across the Atlantic, and lift by one peaceful word a million of slaves into liberty. God granted that glory only to your mother land." Yes, but you can emulate that glory; you can repay that debt of moral gratitude. We helped you to bear the sentiment and the convictions which at last obliterated forever from your history the stains and shame of slavery. Do you help us to wipe away from our annals the plague spots of tolerated vice. You are about to erect in the entrance of the harbor of this mighty city your statue of Liberty, the enlightener of the world. You have already erected the staff pedestal; soon may the furled statue rear in the august surges her boundless brow. See that her shield is stainless, see that there be no rust upon it,—no splashes upon it in the blood of souls, which shall prevent it from flashing back the sun of God, the sun of the righteousness of heaven. Behind the vast amplitude of that immortal shield may the oppressed of all lands find an inviolable refuge, but never let the tyrant or the oppressor hide under its silver shadow to shoot them with deadly arrows in Freedom's prostituted name. Then shall your Liberty wear forever the crown of stars upon her head, and hold fast the olive branch in her hand, and trample the chains of every slave beneath her feet. So shall America strengthen England as England has inspired America. May both nations alike be animated by the

strong conviction of devoted faithfulness. May we alike feel that "in God's war slackness is infamy." I would say to you, to each of you, and to the whole of this great nation, in the dying words of the holy and eloquent Ravignan, "Fight, fight, fight the battles of the Lord."

THOUGHTS ON AMERICA.

DELIVERED IN BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, AND NEW YORK.

AMONG the commonest questions addressed to the stranger who visits your hospitable shores are, "What do you think of our country?" "What do you think of our institutions?" The frequency of the questions proves, I suppose, a real desire to know the general impressions formed by those from the old home, whom you welcome here. May one who has been received among you with an overflowing kindness far beyond his deserts, and with a warmth of recognition to which he has no claim; who, though a stranger, has been treated as a friend in every city he has entered; who has received words of cordial welcome and appreciation from the members of every religious community among you, from Roman Catholic Archbishops to Shaker Elders; who has spoken at nine or ten of your Colleges and Universities; who has been again and again invited to preach in your Churches, and to address many assemblages of the clergy or of theological students;—may such a stranger, whom you have encouraged to regard himself as a friend, endeavor to give, or perhaps I should rather say, to indicate, some shadow of an answer to the familiar question?

Such an answer might be given—perhaps has been sometimes given—in a tone of vanity and

arrogance. Your brilliant representative, Mr. Lowell, who, in spite of the fact that he has spoken some sharp words to England and the English, was honored and beloved in England as few of your many popular Ministers have been, has written a paper on "A certain condescension in Foreigners." The humbleness of my position, the smallness of any claims of mine on your attention, exempt me from all temptations to vanity and arrogance. Others again have offended you by flattery, and others have vexed you by sarcasm and censure. I hope that I shall not be so unfortunate as to fall either into the Scylla of flattery—a whirlpool of which I have always tried to steer clear—or into the Charybdis of criticism, which, on my part, would be purely presumptuous. Thus much, however, I may say. I have stood in simple astonishment before the growth, the power, the irresistible advance, the Niagara-rush of sweeping energy, the magnificent apparent destiny of this nation, wondering whereunto it would grow. I have been touched by the large generosity, the ungrudging hospitality of friends in America whom I had never known before. I should consider myself privileged beyond anything which I can express, if any poor word which I have been asked to speak in America might prove to be an influence for good; if it could be one more link, even microscopically small, in the golden chain of mutual amity which now happily unites the two nations which yet are, and ought to be one nation; or if it could add anything to the feeling of essential unity between religious bodies which, in spite of their differences, have yet one great end in view. I should indeed rejoice if I could thus repay some small part of the debt of my gratitude and contribute my infinitesimal quota to the efforts of those who—feeling the inherent grandeur of this mighty people, and impressed with the eternal truth that righteousness is the sole palladium of the

nations—are devoting heart and soul to the purest effort of patriotism, the effort which shall enable their fellow-countrymen to rise to the height of this great argument, and by their means to elevate the moral condition of the world. And why should this hope of mine be condemned as entirely presumptuous? Anything which I can do or say must be in itself of trivial value; but still it may serve its own small purpose even as it is the despised mica-flake which helps to build the bases of the mountain, and the tiny coral-insect which lays the foundations of the mighty continent, and the grain of sand which is, “taken up by the wings of the wind, to be a barrier against the raging of the sea.”

Surely, your history, so brief yet so memorable, has been too plainly marked by the interpositions of God to leave any American unimpressed by the responsibilities which God has made to rest upon the Atlantean shoulders of this His people. There are some who are fond of looking at the apparently trifling incidents of history, and of showing how the stream of the centuries has been diverted in one or other direction by events the most insignificant, General Garfield told his pupils at Hiram that the roof of a certain court-house was so absolute a water-shed that the flutter of a bird's wing would be sufficient to decide whether a particular rain-drop should make its way into the Gulf of St. Lawrence or into the Gulf of Mexico. The flutter of a bird's wing may have affected all history. Some students may see an immeasurable significance in the flight of parrots, which served to alter the course of Columbus, and guided him to the discovery of North and not of South America. There is no need for us to touch on such curiosities. Suffice it for me to quote a testimony which you will all reverence—the testimony of Washington: “When I contemplate,” he says, in his letter to the governors of the States, in 1783,

“the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifest in guiding us through the Revolution . . . I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence. . . . No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore an Invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency. . . . Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest proofs of the duties of men and of citizens.” So wrote Washington, the Father of his Country. Such was his conviction, and such the inference to which it led him.

In truth, this lesson—the Providence of God in the affairs of nations—seems to be stamped upon your history from the first. When Columbus ceased to speak before the courtiers at Barcelona, and told them the discovery of the Western world,

“The king and queen

Sank from their thrones and melted into tears,
And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice
In praise of God who led him through the waste,
And then the great ‘Laudamus’ rose to heaven.”

When William Penn founded, among the forest trees from which its streets are yet named, the City of Brotherly Love,—“It is,” he said, “a holy experiment, which it depends upon themselves to accomplish or ruin”; and he intended Pennsylvania to be an endeavor “to improve an innocent course of life on a virgin Elysian shore.” “Let us,” said the great Edmund Burke—“let us auspicate all our proceedings in America with the old Church cry, “*Sursum corda.*” George Herbert wrote :

“Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.”

May I try to show that every fact of your early history emphasizes the religious prophecies which thus attended its early dawn?

I. Who were your Fathers? Look to the rock whence you were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence you were digged. The stream of life in some colonies has been tainted by the blood of criminals. Some of you may have read Walter Savage Landor's fine address to Mrs. Chisholm:

“Chisholm! of all the ages that have rolled
Around this rolling world, what age hath seen
Such arduous, such heaven-guided enterprise
As thine? Crime flies before thee, and the shores
Of Australasia, lustrated by thee,
Collect no longer the putrescent weed
Of Europe, flung by senates to infect
The only unpolluted continent.”

But, gentlemen, the line you draw from is the line of men brave and free, and the blood in your veins is the blood of heroes. “A Syrian ready to perish was thy father,” says the Hebrew prophet to his people. A few Englishmen ready to perish were your ancestors; but they were true, brave, godfearing men, and therefore the irresistible might of their weakness shook the world. *Sicut Patribus, sit Deus nobis!**

There were Recusants in Maryland, there were Cavaliers in Virginia, but the type of your manhood was derived from the awful virtue of the Pilgrim Fathers. If “the feet of a few outcasts pressed Plymouth Rock, and it became famous,” it was because those outcasts were men of fixed determination, of indomitable courage, of deep faith, of earnest prayer. The hundred who in their frail little bark braved the fury of the elements, were frowned upon alike by kings and priests, but, animated by a

* The motto of Boston.

passion for Liberty, they carried to America, as Mr. Gladstone has said, "all that was Democratic in the policy of England, and all that was Protestant in her religion." Well might your orator exclaim, "Victims of persecution! how wide an empire acknowledges the sway of your principles! Apostles of Liberty! what millions attest the authenticity of your mission." But what was their safeguard? The power of faith, the passion for freedom. "We do verily believe and trust," wrote Robinson and Brewster to Sir E. Sandys, in 1617, "that the Lord is with us unto whom and whose service we have given ourselves in many trials, and that He will graciously prosper our endeavors according to the simplicity of our hearts."

There is scarcely a man whose name is connected with the early colonization of North America that is not noble and memorable. There was the brilliant and unhappy Raleigh—brightest star in the galaxy of stars which clustered round the Virgin Queen who gave her name to Virginia. There was Captain John Smith, a man with the soul of a Crusader, whose favorite book was "Marcus Aurelius," who "in all his proceedings made justice his first guide and experience his second, combating baseness, sloth, pride, and iniquity more than any other dangers." There was William Penn, ever acting in the spirit of his own conviction that the weak, the just, the pious, the devout are all of one religion. There was Bradford, the stern governor. There was Oglethorpe, with his "strong benevolence of soul." There was the hero of the Indian wars, Miles Standish. There was Roger Williams, the founder of Providence. There were Winthrop and Endicott, the worthy founders of worthy lines.

And how clearly is the will of Heaven marked in your history. It is but "God's unseen Providence" which men nickname chance. Least of all nations can America prepare a table

for chance or furnish a drink-offering for destiny.*

It was not Chance which made the history of mankind hang on the fortunes of handfuls of strugglers in the forests of Canada. It was not Chance which gave the New World to the industry of Puritans, the individualism of busy traders. At one time, as Mr. Parkman has so finely shown, it seemed certain that America would have become the appanage of France. That would have meant the predominance of the principles of Richelieu and Loyola. It would have meant the sway of the despot, the noble, and the Jesuit in the continent of freedom. "Populations formed in the habits of a feudal monarchy and controlled by a hierarchy profoundly hostile to liberty would have been a hindrance and a stumbling-block in the way of that majestic experiment of which America is the field." But the hopes of the Jesuits, in spite of all their noble labors and heroic martyrdoms, were, in the Providence of God, shattered to pieces by the fierce tomahawks of the Iroquois. The gigantic ambition of France was foiled by the "little, sickly, red-haired hero" at Quebec; and the weak and broken line of English colonies along the shores of the Atlantic, the descendants of an oppressed and fugitive people, dashed down the iron hand of monarchy in the flush of its triumphant power.

At another time it seemed as if the New World were to belong to the proud, sickly blood of decaying Spain. St. Augustine, in Florida, founded in 1565, was the first town built by whites in the United States. That would have meant the horrible despotism of Alvas and Philips; it would have meant the narrow and crushing tyranny of the bigot and the monk; it would have meant the Mass-book, the thumb-screw, and the blood-hound; it

* See Isa. lxiv. 12.

would have meant the inert and execrable rule of men like Menendez, the outcome of an infernal ignorance animated by an infernal religious zeal. But Spain was foiled by De Gourgues, who justly hanged, "not as Spaniards, but as traitors, robbers, and murderers," the Spaniards who had hanged Huguenots, "not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans;"—and again by General Oglethorpe, who with eight hundred men attacked and drove from Frederica their fleet with five thousand men on board.

And so it has been written in God's Book of Destiny that over America should wave neither the golden lilies of France, nor the lion and tower, "pale emblems of Castilian pride;" but first the stainless *semper eadem* of England, and then—we do not grudge them to you—the stars and stripes which you borrowed from the English tomb of the Washingtons.

America was God's destined heritage, not for tyranny, not for aristocracy, not for privilege—not for Spanish bigotry or French ambition—but for England, and for the Reformation, and for progress, and for liberty, and for the development—if you fall not short of the vast obligations which rest upon you—of a great and noble type of righteous, fearless, and independent manhood.

II. The voices of prophetic insight, from Seneca downward, point to such a destiny.

Alluding to King James and the foundation of Jamestown, Shakespeare, in the prophecy which he puts into the mouth of Cranmer, says:

"His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall make new nations."

"Westward," wrote Bishop Berkeley in the four memorable lines, now engraved over the portal of the University of San Francisco—

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Those lines seem to have been written in a flash of prophetic insight; and years later Emerson wrote:

“Lo! I uncover the land,
Which I hid of old time in the West,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue,
When he has wrought his best.”

But it is for America, not to repeat these prophecies with complacency, but rather to register in heaven the vow that they shall be fulfilled. When the sword of Cornwallis was surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, some of the Americans, with a want of consideration which at such a moment was perhaps venial, began to cheer. But, turning to them, the noble Virginian said, with a fine rebuke, “Let posterity cheer for us.” Gentlemen, you, as the youngest of the nations, may put your sickle into the ripened harvest of the world’s experience, and if you learn the lessons which that revelation has to teach, Posterity will raise for you such a cheer as shall ring through all the ages. But the lessons of History are full of warning. “I will overturn, overturn, overturn,” saith the Lord, “till he come whose right it is.” When the representatives of many nations met Alexander at Babylon, the Roman ambassadors were, it is said, the obscurest among them; yet Greece was overturned, and Rome snatched the sceptre from her palsy hands. Babylon, Assyria, Carthage, Greece, Rome, have passed away. “Since the first dominion of men was asserted over the ocean,” says Mr. Ruskin, “three empires, of mark beyond all others, have been set upon its sands: the thrones of Tyre, of Venice, of England. Of the First of these great powers only the memory remains; of the Second, the ruin; the Third, which inherits their greatness, if it forget their example, may be led through prouder eminence to less pitied destruction.”—Is not the warning thus given to England as needful for the United States?

III. I have touched on your Fathers, but yet another mighty impulse for good comes to you from the early Visitors to your shores. With what interest do we remember Robert Hunt, Vicar of Reculver, in Kent, who on June 21, 1607, celebrated the first English communion ever held in the New World with the unruly crew of Captain John Smith. Was it no boon to you that Charles Wesley, the sweet poet of the Methodist movement, was the secretary of General Oglethorpe, and accompanied him to Georgia with his brother John Wesley? In St. Simon's Island you can still point to Wesley's oak, and in Newburyport Church to the grave of George Whitefield. It was he who suggested the motto, *Nil desperandum Christo duce*,

“ That day when sunburned Pepperell,
His shotted salvoes fired so well;
The Fleur de Lys trailed sulky down,
And Louisburg was George's town.”

Thus to you also was communicated, by strange interpositions of Providence, the electric thrill of that awakening which startled the eighteenth century from its torpor of indolence and death.

Besides these, there came to you two great visitors of whose interest and affection any country might be proud. One was the gallant, the chivalrous, the stainless Lafayette, burning with the passion for freedom and the enthusiasm of humanity; the other was that whitest of human souls, Bishop Berkeley, whose wooden house still stands at Newport. It is something that you can point to the sea-cave in which was written the “Minute Philosopher;” something that the early streams of your history are commingled with the purest glories of the French Revolution, and the serene dawn of modern Philosophy; with the influence of one who added to the holiness of a saint the keenness of a philosopher, and to whom one of the most

cynical of poets could ascribe "every virtue under heaven." Lafayette hung the key of the Bastile in Mount Vernon; Berkeley left his library to Yale.

Then, still keeping to the earlier stages of American history, how distinctive and how beautiful are the characteristics of your great men in Church and State:—In the Church, or, if you prefer it, in the churches—but to me there is but one great flock of God, however many may be the folds—you may look back with pride to the holy enthusiasm and boundless self-sacrifice of David Brainerd; to the lion-hearted courage of John Elliot; to those four students at Williamstown who gave the first impulse to the mighty work of missions; to the heroic endurance of Adoniram Judson; to Johnson of Yale, who in 1717 was the first to teach the Copernican system in America; to the faith and determination of Bishop Seabury; to the large-hearted theology and far-seeing wisdom of Bishop White; to the intense if Cimmerian theology of Jonathan Edwards; to the fiery courage of Theodore Parker; to the conquering sweetness and charity of William Ellery Channing, "whose words went forth like morning over the Continents." In the State, time would fail me to tell of Jefferson, who wrote your immortal Declaration of Independence; of Otis, with his tongue of flame, who "breathed into your nation the breath of life;" of Patrick Henry, that

" Forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the Seas ;"

of young Warren, with his death and glory. Yes, in your old South Church, which I trust you will preserve inviolate forever.

" Adams shall look in Otis' face,
Blazing with freedom's soul,
And Molyneux see Hancock trace
The fatal word which frees a race ;
There in New England's well-earned place,
The head of Freedom's roll !"

And two there are who must have separate and special mention. One was the true patriot and sage, who

“ Called the red lightning from the o'er-rushing cloud,
And dashed the beauteous terror on the ground,
Smiling majestic ; ”

the other, he who, “ first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen,” has been called by an English writer “ the greatest of good men, and the best of great men,” and of whom your own great orator has said that “ America has furnished to the world the character of Washington.”

“ So sacred ! is there aught surrounding
Our lives, like that great Past behind,
Where Courage, Freedom. Faith abounding,
One mighty cord of honor twined? ”

IV. Let me pass on to the War of Independence, and I am certain that every one here will agree with me when I say that Americans in the last few years have begun to understand far better the feelings of Englishmen respecting it. In reading some of the Fourth of July utterances we might fancy that you believed us to entertain a sore and sullen feeling, and that no Englishman could think without a blush of shame and a spasm of anger of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga and of Cornwallis at Yorktown. I hope that I need not in the year 1885 stop to remove so unfounded an impression. I have myself preached a Fourth of July sermon in Westminster Abbey, and have invited your eminent countryman, Dr. Phillips Brooks, to do the same. Strange that any American should overlook the fact that the opponents of the American colonies were not the English people, but the king and the rulers who misrepresented them. Have you forgotten the words of Burke? Have you forgotten that Barré called you “ Sons of Liberty? ” Have you forgotten his daring words in the

House of Commons, once familiar to your very school-boys?—"They planted by your care! No! Your oppression planted them in America. . . . They nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms in your defence!" Can you ever forget the volcanic outburst of Chatham?—"The gentleman tells us that America is obstinate, America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted! Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest." If our glories are yours, we have learned also to look on yours as ours. We do not grudge you your Marathon of Bunker Hill, and we can repeat as proudly as you—

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled;
 In arms the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world."

And I will tell you why we can look to the defeat of our forces without any of that shame which we should have felt had the defeat come from any hands but yours. It is because England could say, almost with a smile, My sons have conquered; it is from me they drew their strength! When the lioness was taunted with bringing forth only one cub at a time, she answered: "Yes, but that is a lion." You fought us in our own spirit. You retaught us what you had learned from us; your rebellion was but a vibration of "that deep chord which Hampden smote." When American friends gave me a window in honor of Sir Walter Raleigh, the founder of Virginia, the Father of the United States, I asked Mr. Lowell to write the inscription, and he wrote this quatrain:

“The New World’s sons, from England’s breast we
 drew
 Such milk as bids remember whence we came ;
 Proud of her Past, from which our Present grew,
 ‘This window we erect to Raleigh’s name.”

Keep your Fourth of July celebrations as long as you will. Let them teach you to say, with good reason, “Thank God, I also am an American.” But I am sure that they will be kept no longer in any spirit of hostility to your mother-land. An Arab in the desert once asked a traveller if he was an Englishman. “No,” was the answer, “I am an American.” The Arab’s only reply was to hold out two of his fingers. He had never heard Fluellen’s proverb, “As like as my fingers to my fingers,” but he knew that England and America are one in language, one in manner, one in desires and habits and aspirations, one in worship and birth and blood.

In the issue, then, of your War of Independence, we too see the hand of God. Franklin, in 1783, mentions the daily prayer offered up for the Divine protection. “Our prayers,” he says, “were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. Have we forgotten that Divine Friend, or do we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of the truth that God governs in the affairs of men.” Perhaps Franklin was thinking of the sudden tempest which came in answer to Thomas Prince’s prayer, when, in 1746, Admiral D’Anville had sworn to ravage Boston Town.

V. I pass on to the great crisis of your modern history—the war of secession, the civil war, the war between the North and South. In that war, too, in its origin, in its issues, in its many incidents, I see as manifestly as in your origin, and in the War of Independence

the light of God, which shines on so steadily, and shows all things in the slow history of their ripening.

What an awful time it was, and how you learned to realize, as we had realized two centuries and a half before you, the horrors of a house divided against itself! Civil war is at the best a heart-rending word, and if the younger generation fail to realize all it meant, we can feel what it meant—we who have lived through the Indian mutiny and the Crimean war. We know how your hearts ached to think of those whom God touched with his finger in the woods of Tennessee and by the green hillslopes of the Potomac; of that disaster at Bull Run, where your new volunteers were faint with thirst and hunger, and fell asleep on the greensward for very weariness; of Washington turned into one great hospital; of those multitudes of terrible oblong boxes which the trains carried to various cities; of the tears of the nation which fell so hot and heavy over her dead volunteers. You can never forget, while life lasts, the days when, as the eye glanced over the daily papers, the two words "mortally wounded," struck an unutterable chill into so many hearts of mothers and wives; when men, sacrificing all, locked up the shops and chalked up, "We have enlisted for the war"; when those brave hearts went down in the stream on board the *Cumberland*, sloop of war; when the red stains on the woodland leaves were not only from the maple's conflagration; when your land, even amid her anguish, rejoiced that she had sons with hearts like these. In those days God ordained for you famine and fire and sword and lamentation. The blood of the gallant and good flowed like a river, and the dear ones at home hungered for news; and dread memories were left for years, and the hearts of women slowly broke. It was not only gray-haired fathers who sank under the bayonet thrust, and men who came home crippled for the rest of

life, but the shots which pierced the breasts of young men drenched in blood a picture and a lock of woman's hair; and in the delirious fever of their wounds bright-eyed, gallant boys talked of their mothers and babbled of the green fields at home. How full is that page in your history of noble and tender memories! "In how many paths," said Mr. Lowell, "leading to how many homes where proud memory does all she can to fill up the fireside gaps with shining shapes, do men walk in pensive mood? Ah, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal hence untarnished. It is locked for you, beyond moth and rust, in the treasure-chamber of death." Your poets, even your unknown poets, spoke of it in touching accents:

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 Except now and then a stray picket
 Is shot, as he walked on the beat to and fro,
 By a rifleman bid in the thicket.
 'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
 Will not count in the news of the battle;
 Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
 Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

* * * *

"He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
 His footstep is lagging and weary,
 Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
 Though the shades of the forest be dreary.
 Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
 Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
 It looked like a rifle—'Ha! Mary, good-night!
 And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
 No sound save the rush of the river,
 While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead;—
 The picket's off duty forever."

Men left at home their pale young wives
 and sweet groups of little children, and how
 many thought—

"You have put the children to bed, Alice,
 Maud and Willie and Rose;
 They have lisped their sweet Our Father,
 And sunk to their night's repose.

Did they think of me, dear Alice,
 Did they think of me and say,
 ' God bless him,' and ' God bless him,
 Dear father far away ?' "

And then, what indomitable determination
 was breathed forth by some of your songs :

" For the birthright yet unso'd,
 For the history yet untold,
 For the future yet unrolled—
 Put it through !

" Father Abram, hear us cry—
 We can follow, we can die;
 Lead your children, then, and try—
 Put it through !

" Here's a work of God half done,
 Here's the kingdom of His Son,
 With its triumph just begun—
 Put it through !

" Father Abram, that man thrives
 Who with every weapon strives,
 Use our twenty million lives—
 Put it through !

" 'Tis to you the trust is given,
 'Tis by you the bolt is driven,
 By the very God of Heaven,
 Put it through ! "

Yes, those sad days had their nobleness and their deep, unbroken human affections amid the horrors of war. Bad practices and fierce factions were forgotten. You remember how when two regimental bands were hurling responsive and defiant strains at each other, at last one of them struck up " Home ! Sweet Home ! " and to that challenge the enemy had no defiance ; all they could do was to join their strains also with the strains of their foemen in " Home ! Sweet Home ! " So does

" One touch of nature make the whole world kin."

You remember how when General Lee lay sleeping under a tree for weariness, the army

of the South marched by him in utter silence, having passed along the lines the whisper, "Uncle Robert's asleep; don't disturb him." You remember how once the two hostile armies delayed the charge and stopped firing because a little child had strayed between the lines. In that war, too, I see distinctly

"God's terrible and fiery finger
Shriveled the falsehood from the souls of men."

You had bitter feelings against England because of the *Alabama*, and because you thought she sympathized with the South more than the North. Well, in the first place, the great heart of England was in no sense whatever responsible for the muddle of international law which allowed the escape of the *Alabama*, and, in the second place, even for her voluntary entanglement in the doings of that vessel, though they were done against her will, England has made you frank acknowledgment and has paid you ample reparation. Nor was it true that the voice which John Bright raised for you in Birmingham was a voice without an echo. It woke hundreds and thousands of echoes; only you must remember that in those days, if many of us by no means understood the issue, neither did many of you. God has flashed the light of history over the obscurities of those days, and made many things plain which then were complex. It was He who gave you grace as a nation to decide aright; for

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of truth and falsehood for the good or
evil side.
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each
the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep
upon the right;
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt the darkness
and the light."

In that hour America had the wisdom given her to decide—

“In whose party she should stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shook the dust
against her land.”

And God gave you the right men to guide you. He gave you that strong, homely, wise, fearless type of American manhood, Abraham Lincoln, calling him as clearly from the wood-shanty and the store as ever he called David from following the ewes great with young ones. From the leather-store at Galena, He called your indomitable soldier, Grant, with his clear-sighted purpose and his demands of “unconditional surrender.” From the log-hut and the school-master’s desk He called the firm spirit of James Garfield. The shot of the assassin cut short their martyr-lives, but not until their work was done; and “when God’s servants have done their day’s work He sends them sleep.” Each of them has sunk to sleep amid your tears. “For departed kings there are appointed honors, and the wealthy have their gorgeous obsequies; it was their nobler function to clothe a nation in spontaneous mourning, and to go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor.”

Your civil war ended, and ended gloriously. The South accepted the terrible arbitrament and read God’s will in its issue, and bowed her head and clasped your hand in fraternal union. The bow of peace spanned once more the stormy heaven, and the flag which had been rent was one again, and without a seam.

“Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty;
Behold, its streaming rays unite
Mingling flood of braided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And spangled o’er its azure sea
The sister stars of Liberty.”

Thenceforth the question of slavery is settled on the right side forever—the life-long effort of Channing, and Theodore Parker, and

Whittier, and Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips, and all the glorious army of Abolitionists was accomplished, and you will remain, we trust,

“ One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore,

while your genius of Liberty holds forth her olive-branch and tramples the broken fetters of four million slaves beneath her feet.

VI. And then at once and most gladly, and, let us hope, for many a century, you laid the sword aside. “The sword, after all,” as Victor Hugo says, “is but a hideous flash in the darkness,” while “Right is an eternal ray.” “As the sword,” said Washington, “was the last resort for the preservation of our liberties, so it ought to be the first they lay aside when those liberties are firmly established.” When the Duke of Cambridge asked General Grant to review the English army, he made the noble answer that a military review was the one thing which he hoped never to see again. But the War of the Secession established your national position. Just as, during the fighting, many a boy, learning to look death in the face, sprang into manhood at the touch of noble responsibility, so the war strengthened and sobered you, and gave to your thoughts, your politics, your bearing as a people, a grander and manlier tone. The nation waved her hand, and her army of more than a million sank back instantly into peaceful civil life, as the soldiers of Roderic Dhu sank back into the heather. “Cincinnatus,” says Mr. Gladstone, “became a commonplace example. . . . The generals of yesterday were the editors, the secretaries, and the solicitors of to-day.” It was a noble lesson to mankind, and a splendid service to the cause of popular government throughout the world. And again I say that the man must be blind indeed who cannot see that God’s manifest Providence led and pro-

ted you. "If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without God's notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid?" * "Stand still and see the salvation of God"—such was the telegram flashed by President Lincoln on one memorable occasion. And when Lincoln had fallen; when the population of New York was wild with passionate excitement; when, like a spark falling on gunpowder, a single wrong word might have launched a terrible multitude into conflagration and massacre, Garfield appeared at the window shaking a white flag, and when he had hushed the attention of the multitude into breathless silence, what did he say? He said: "Fellow-citizens, clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his seat." Again and again the words of Scripture have been potent at the crises of your history. "That book, sir," said President Andrew Jackson, pointing to the family Bible, as he lay on his death-bed, "is the rock on which our republic rests." The first words ever flashed along an electric wire in America were the words, "What hath God wrought?" sent by a young girl from Washington to Baltimore. And when man's science subdued the forces of the lightning and the ocean, and the electric cable first thrilled its flaming messages of love and hope "through the oozy dungeons of the rayless deep," almost the first words flashed from hemisphere to hemisphere were the divine message of Christmas, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

VII. How quickly, again, by Heaven's blessing you recovered from the shock of war; how your prosperity advanced by leaps and bounds! What the Priest Vimont said to the followers of Maisonneuve, when they landed at Montreal, in 1642, applies to you: "You are a grain of

* Franklin.

mustard-seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land." It is a theme too familiar to dwell upon how a handful has become a mighty nation ; how groups of log-huts have sprung in a few years into splendid cities ; how a fringe of precarious seaboard has become an empire of which the two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore ; how your commerce, reaching to every land and spreading white sails on every sea, is already a dangerous if friendly rival to the commerce of England ; how in a single century of freedom you have sprung from one to fifty millions ; how a band of daring fugitives has become almost in a century the wealthiest and one of the most powerful of all the nations on the globe. Are we not startled into astonishment when we hear of those who have spoken to men whose grandfathers remembered to have been present as children, in 1704, at the funeral of Peregrine White, the first English babe born on the New England shores ? And now you have more than three millions of square miles of territory ; 26,000 miles of river way ; 12,000 of indented shore ; and more than sixty millions of living souls rich in their "inherent and inalienable rights !"

Surely, you might apply to yourselves the words of Tennyson :

" Our enemies have fallen, have fallen ; the seed,
The little seed they laughed at in the dark,
Has risen and cleft the soil and grown a bulk
Of spanless girth that lays on every side
A thousand arms and rushes to the sun—
A night of summer from the heat, a breath
Of autumn dropping fruits of power ; and rolled
With Music in the growing breeze of Time,
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
Shall move the stony bases of the world."

VIII. But all this pompous detail of material triumphs is worse than idle unless the men of

the two countries shall remain and shall become greater than the mere things that they produce, and shall know how to regard those things simply as tools and materials for the attainment of the highest purposes of their being. The voice of Milton tells you, as it told England after her civil discord, that

“Peace hath her victories
Not less renowned than war.”

In many directions you have been mindful of those victories. Suffer me to point out some of your immense gains and advantages. You have shown a marvellous inventiveness. You develop more quickly, you adapt more rapidly and unhesitatingly than on the other side of the Atlantic the latest discoveries and applications of mechanical science. You have shown multitudes of examples of that splendid munificence—illustrated by such names as those of John Harvard, of George Peabody, of Peter Cooper, of Johns Hopkins, and many more—which leads men who have made colossal fortunes among you to spend part at least of those fortunes not in the endowment of idle families, but in enriching and benefiting the cities of their birth, the nation under whose gentlest of sways their path was paved from the lot of ragged and laboring boys to that of an affluence beyond the dreams of avarice. Your libraries, with their admirable card-catalogues, with their generous facilities, with their ample endowments, with their accumulated aid to research, ought to make a nation of scholars. Your system of education is one of the freest and most ungrudging in the world. Best perhaps of all, you have developed and are developing a fine and original literature. You may well be proud of your poets: of Bryant, who “entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful;” of Longfellow, that pure and exquisite singer, whose bust in Westminster Abbey is the delight of our two nations; of

Edgar Poe's weird genius; of the living fame of such men as Lowell with his generous culture, of Holmes with his sunny geniality, of Whittier with his passionate love of right and hatred of wrong. Among your novelists you count the honored names of Fenimore Cooper, the delight of our boyhood, of Nathaniel Hawthorne, whose works have the immortality of genius. You have the humor of James, of Howell, of Bret Harte, of Mark Twain. You have the brilliant histories of Washington Irving, of Bancroft, of Prescott, of Motley, of Parkman. You have the splendid oratory of Clay, of Daniel Webster, of Wendell Phillips. All this is well. To borrow the image suggested by the late beloved Dean of Westminster when you welcomed him among you, the rush and fury of Niagara is a type of the life of your people—"its devouring, perplexing, fermenting, bewildering activity;" but it would lose nine-tenths of its splendor and loveliness, if it had not the silvery column of spray above it as the image of your future history—of the upward, heaven-aspiring destiny which should emerge from the distractions of your present. And if that glittering column of heaven ascending spray is to be the type of your aspirations, may I not add that the vivid rainbow—"in sight like unto an emerald"—which to my eyes lent its chief glory to the Falls, may also be the symbol of your nation's hope?

IX. It would be false and idle to imply that you have no perils—that there are no rocks, no whirlpools which lie in front of your steam-driven ship of state. It is hardly for me, it is not for any stranger to dwell on these. A stranger does not know, he cannot know much if anything about the spoils system; about bosses and bossism; about the danger of a secularized education; about the subtle oppression of popular opinion; about frauds, and rings, and municipal corruption; about the amazing frivolousness, the triviality, the

tyranny, the ferocity, the untruthfulness, the reckless personality and intrusiveness of the baser portion of your Press. He reads, indeed, in your leading journals, of evils "calculated to humiliate and discourage those who have both pride and faith in republican institutions; of political scandals, and commercial dishonors; of demagogism in public life; of reckless financial speculations; of a lessening sense of the sacredness of marriage; of defalcations, malfeasance, sinister legislation, bought and paid for by those whom it benefits; of a false ideal of life which puts material interest above the spiritual, and makes riches the supreme object of human endeavor and an absorbing passion for paltry emulations." Of all these he reads in your papers and magazines, and of the warning of your wisest writers, that "popular government is no better than any other except the wisdom and virtue of the people make it so," and that "Democracy has weakness as well as strength." Clearly all these questions demand most solemn care. As the same voice has said, "when men undertake to do their own kingship they enter on the dangers and responsibilities as well as on the privileges of the function." Times of long peace, times of growing prosperity are times of serious peril. "About the river of human life there is a wintry wind but a heavenly sunshine; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes on its repose." You have freedom, but freedom demands an eternal vigilance. Franklin warned you a hundred years ago of the peril of being divided by little, partial, local interests. There can be no liberty without honesty and justice. "You may build your capitol of granite," said Wendell Phillips, "and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down." Public spirit, watchfulness, the participation of all in the burden and heat of the day, are requisite if America would work

out her own salvation, and therewith almost the salvation of the race.

X. But not for one moment would your most pessimistic citizen despair. To despair of America would be to despair of humanity; for it would show that men, after all, have no capacity for governing themselves: that they have, after all, no nobler destiny than to be the footstool of the few.*

And there are two reasons why not even the most cynical pessimist need despair of America—the one because your government is a government of manhood, the other, because you have succeeded in training men. It is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. The multitude may sometimes be careless and supine; it may fail to understand the responsibilities which attach to liberty. But sooner or later it awakens in all its strength and treads wicked laws and base combinations under his feet. The rousing of a magnificent people when it “views its mighty youth, and shakes its invincible locks,” is as when

“The lion shakes the dew-drop from its mane.”

Nay, even these metaphors of Shakespeare and Milton are too weak to image forth the outburst of volcanic wrath which sometimes, almost in a moment, transforms a peaceful and careless commonwealth into terrific and irresistible agitation, as vast subterranean forces in one moment transform into bellowing eruption the mountain which but yesterday had snow in its long-slumbering crater, and gardens and vineyards upon its sunny slopes.

I ask, then, with President Lincoln in his first Inaugural Address: “Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world?”

* See the speech of Franklin in the convention for forming the Constitution of the United States in 1783.

Shakespeare in his day complained that

“Not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor, but honor for those honors
That are without him—as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.”

It has not been so with you. You have felt the sacredness of manhood, the dignity of manhood, the illimitable horizon of its hopes, the immeasurable capability of its powers. Your very Declaration of Independence lays it down as a self-evident truth, “that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” If often upon a small scale in local communities, and upon a large scale in your national history, you have witnessed the irresistible revolt of the national conscience against the growth of intolerable wrongs, the cause of this latent force is because you have honored men simply as men.

From the street and from the store, from the forest and from the prairie, you have taken ragged, bright-eyed boys, with little or no regular education even, but enriched by the lessons of experience and crowned and mitred by the hands of invisible consecration, and not asking who they were but only what they have proved themselves capable to be—because of their homely wisdom, because of their native strength, because of their undaunted righteousness—you have fearlessly set them to command a million of your soldiers, to rule over fifty millions of their fellow-men. Such a man was James Garfield; such a man was Ulysses Grant; such a man was Abraham Lincoln. Were manlier words ever spoken than those with which he ended his New York speech in 1860: “Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.” A man, in one aspect, may be but a shadow and a

vapor; in another, he is immortal, immeasurable, infinite, and he is never so great as when he is uplifted by the aspirations of a great land. "Governments, religion, property, books," said Humboldt, "are nothing but the scaffolding to build a man. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man." "Mankind," said Kossuth, "has but one single object—mankind itself; and that object has but one single instrument—mankind again." "Men," said Pericles, "are a city, and not walls." The prayer of every great community should ever be, O God, give us men.

"What constitutes a State?" asks Sir William Jones in his ode in imitation of Alcæus.

"Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick walls or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts.
No? Men—high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
And know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—
These constitute a state:
And sovereign Law that, with collected will,
On crowns and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

XI. But am I wrong in saying—if I am you will forgive me, for it is only the impression to which I have been led by studying the minds of some of your greatest thinkers—am I wrong in saying that at this moment in her history America needs nothing more imperatively than a new and concentrated enthusiasm? If Prophets be needed to stir up the monotony of wealth, and re-awaken the people to the great ideals which are constantly fading out of their minds—"to trouble the waters that there may be health in their flow"—in what directions could such Prophets point which should give any grander aims than the achievement of the

old eternal ideals? "That motionless shaft," said Daniel Webster, pointing to the pillar on Bunker Hill "will be the most powerful of speakers. Its speech will be of civil and religious liberty. It will speak of patriotism and of courage. It will speak of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind. Decrepit age leaning against its base, and ingenuous youth gathering round it, will speak to each other of the glorious events with which it is connected, and exclaim, "Thank God! I also am an American." But that depends. The boast of ancestral excellence is worse than unavailing if it be used by the lips of degenerate descendants. Vast is the work before America, and if in her the nations of the world are to be blessed, that work will need all her seriousness and all her energy.

I have endeavored to emphasize the thought on which all your own greatest and best men have insisted, that the hand of God is pre-eminently manifest in your history; and the correlative thought, that there rests upon the American nation an immense burden of heaven-imposed responsibility.

What is that responsibility?

It is to combine the old with the new—the experience of the East with the daring of the West—"the long past of Europe with the long future of America."

It is to guard the idea of Freedom as the fabled dragon guarded of old the very garden of the Hesperides—taking good heed that liberty be not confounded with license; nor republican government with the shout of popular anarchy; nor freedom with the freedom to do wrong unpunished; nor manly independence with lawless self-assertion. It is to keep the equilibrium between stability and advance, between liberty and law. "As for me," said Patrick Henry, in 1775, "give me liberty or give me death."

It is to work out the conception of Progress;

to recognize that it is your duty not only to preserve but to improve ; to bear in mind that the living sap of to-day outgrows the dead rind of yesterday. You and your churches will have to decide whether, in the words of Castelar, you will confound yourselves with Asia, "placing upon the land old altars, and upon the altars old idols, and upon the idols immovable theocracies, and upon the theocracies despotic empires ; or whether by labor and by liberty you will advance the grand work of universal civilization." Despot, whether priestly or secular, may they "stand still!"
But

" God to the human soul,
And all the spheres that roll
Wrapped by her spirit in their robes of light,
Hath said, ' The primal plan
Of all the world and man
Is Forward ! Progress is your law, your right ! ' "

It is to work out a manly and intelligent correlation of religious tradition with the advancing knowledge of mankind. The churches must show to the world the rare example of religious tolerance ; of many folds existing happily side by side in the one flock. The laity must teach their churches not to supersede but to supplement each other. They must beware of stagnant doctrines and stereotyped formulæ. They must learn the spirit of those grand words in which John Robinson addressed the Pilgrim Fathers when they sailed from the shores of Europe—" I am persuaded that the Lord hath more truth yet to come for us ; yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. Neither Luther nor Calvin has penetrated into the counsel of God."

" New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth ;
They must upwards still, and onwards,
Who would keep abreast with Truth."

Judge Sewell set a noble example when, in 1696, he stood up in his pew in the Old South

Church to confess his contrition for his share in the witchcraft delusion of 1692.

That preacher of Georgia spoke wise words who, taunted with a change of opinion about slavery, said in a Thanksgiving sermon, "I have got new light. I now believe many things which I did not believe twenty years ago. . . . If I live till 1900 I expect to believe some things which I now reject and to reject some things which I now believe ;—And I shall not be alone."

It is, above all, to show the nations the true ideal of national righteousness. Two centuries and a half have passed since Peter Bulkley addressed to his little congregation of exiles the memorable words: "There is no people but will strive to excel in something. What can we excel in if not in holiness? If we look to numbers we are the fewest; if to strength we are the weakest; if to wealth and riches we are the poorest of all the people of God throughout the world. We cannot excel nor so much as equal other people in these things, and if we come short in grace and holiness we are the most despicable people under heaven. Strive we therefore to excel, and suffer not this crown to be taken from us."

How has all this been reversed! In numbers you are now, or soon inevitably must be, the greatest; in strength the most overwhelming; in wealth the most affluent of all the Christian nations throughout the world. In these things you not only equal other people but excel them. Why? Mainly, I believe, because your fathers feared God. Shall America then dare to kick down that ladder, to spurn the low degrees by which she did ascend, and, despising the holiness which was once her single excellence, now in the days of her boundless prosperity to make in the common life of her citizens a league with death and a covenant with hell? I do not for a moment believe it. I believe that she will be preserved from all

such perils by the memories of the dead and the virtues of the living. I believe that she will cherish the pure homes which have never lost their ancient English dower of inward happiness. I believe that she will not suffer the wise voices of the holy and thoughtful few to be drowned in noisier and baser sounds. I believe that her aspirations will dilate and conspire with the breezes from the sea which sweep the vast horizons of your territory. I believe that she will listen to the three great Angels of History, of Conscience, of Experience, which, as the great teachers of mankind, ever repeat to us the eternal accents of the Moral Law. I believe that she will help to disenchant the nations of the horrible seductions of war, and of a peace crushed and encumbered under war-like armaments. I believe that she is linked, that she will ever desire to be linked, with us of the old home, in the golden yoke of amity, and that by the blessing of God's peculiar grace you with us and we with you, shall be enabled to "make all things new" for the glory and happiness of mankind. Then shall hoary-headed selfishness receive its death-blow, and the vilest evils which have afflicted the corporate life of man

" Shall live but in the memory of Time,
Which like a penitent libertine shall start,
Look back, and shudder at his former years."

THE INSPIRATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

THERE are, in the book of Exodus, several passages of sublime significance in which Moses is represented as having communed with God on the summit of Sinai. There were thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud upon the mountain, and it "quaked greatly;" and "the voice of the trumpet, sounded long, and waxed louder and louder." * But the sight of all this majesty, and the awfulness of that supernatural thunder, was more than the sinful nation could bear. "And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die. And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was." †

After a sojourn of forty days in the mount, and after witnessing the apostacy of his people, Moses once more returned to speak with God, and he said, "I beseech thee, show me thy glory." And Jehovah answered him, "Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see my face, and live. Behold, there is a place by me, and thou shalt stand upon a rock: and it shall come to pass, while my glory passeth by, that I will put thee in a cleft of the rock, and will cover thee with my hand while I pass by: and I will take away my hand, and thou shalt see my back parts: but my face shall not be seen." ‡

* Exod. xix. 16, 18, 19.

† Exod. xx. 19, 21.

‡ Exod. xxxiii. 18-23.

In this passage, so full of deep reverence, in spite of its fearless and startling anthropomorphism, we see a distinct indication that it was God's purpose in the Old Dispensation to reveal himself in a manner wholly different from that which we should have expected. It might have seemed to us that the Creator would have vouchsafed to his creatures a knowledge of his ways, not mediately, but immediately; not individually, but universally; not partially, but completely; not demonstrably, but decisively; not progressively, but at once. In all these respects our anticipations are reversed. It is a part of God's revelation to us that his ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts. One of the very stamps of the authenticity of his revealed will is the manner in which it runs counter to everything which man's unaided imagination could have invented respecting him. Until the fulness of time was come he spoke to many men; he made known his purposes to them in many fragments and many methods.*

To Adam he spoke by a voice in the garden, borne upon "the wind of the evening"; † to some of the patriarchs by immediate intuition; ‡ to Abram by inward utterances, by angelic appearances, and by the vision of a smoking furnace and a burning lamp; § to Jacob as an awful presence in the intense agony of prayer; || to Joshua as the captain of the Lord's host; ¶ to his chosen people by Urim and Thummim, and by dreams, and above all, by the voice of his prophets.** Then came a pause of well nigh 400 years, in which, as the Jews believed, they had no new indication of God's will, unless it were from chance voices and mysterious incidental sounds.†† Last of

* Heb. i. 1.

† Gen. iii. 8.

‡ Gen. v. 24.

§ Gen. xii. ; xviii. ; xv. 17.

|| Gen. xxxii. 24-32.

¶ Josh. v. 14, 15.

** 1 Sam. xxviii. 6.

†† See various Rabinnical passages quoted in Vi-

all when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son*—the brightness of his glory, the express image of his person,† to reveal Him as he had never been revealed before, and thenceforth forever to shed forth his Holy Spirit into the hearts of all his children.

Such has been the order of God's revelations; and the record of those revelations is contained in Holy Scripture.

1. The record is marked by all the peculiarities, and partakes of all the diversity which characterizes the order and method of the revelation which it perpetuates and enshrines. The Old Testament comes before us as the fragmentary literature of a chosen people: the New as the fragmentary archives ‡ of a sacred Evangel.

We possess in the Bible a collection of books separated from each other by hundreds of years, written by men in every variety of rank and position, and addressed to a nation under every circumstance of prosperity and adversity. Now a single Eastern emir is called out of an idolatrous world to preserve alive the knowledge of the One True God; now a law-giver is selected to deliver in the wilderness to a perverse nation of slaves and fugitives, a moral code of unequalled majesty; now prophets and kings speak to that nation in its purity or its apostacy, in the zenith of its splendor or on the eve of its desolation; now priests or captives console its melancholy exile or inspirit its feeble resuscitation; now a little band of unlearned and ignorant men record the words and life of its divine and rejected Messiah; now a converted Pharisee preaches that new Gospel with an intense wisdom and

tringa, *Obs. Sacr.*, ii. 343-363; Prideaux, *Connect.* ii. 354; Lightfoot, *Hor. Hebr.*, ad Matt. iii, 17; Otho. *Lex. Rabb.*, p. 68 (*s. v.* "Bath Kol"), Etc.

* Gal. iv. 4.

† Heb. i. 3.

‡ John xx. 30; xxi. 25.

fire ; now a Galilean fisherman closes the Book of Revelation with words of perfect beauty and visions of unutterable love. In one small volume there is an epitome of all the best and highest and most sacred truths which God had revealed to man ; and those truths are deep as the heart of man, and varied as his life.

Yet all this infinite diversity is—like the diversity of nature—merged in a yet more marvellous unity. Kings, warriors, prophets, historians, poets, exiles, shepherds, gatherers of sycamore fruit, fishermen, taxgatherers—“ we do hear them speak in our tongues the wonderful works of God.” Whether we read the passionate pleadings of an afflicted Chaldean noble, or the rhythmic utterances of a great Mesopotamian sorcerer—whether it be the cynical confessions of a sated worlding, or the pathetic cry of a guilty and repentant king—whether it be the exultant thanksgiving for some splendid deliverance, or the impassioned denunciation of some intolerable wrong—whether it be the stately music of some gorgeous vision, or the brief letter of an aged prisoner recommending the forgiveness of an unprofitable slave—we feel that there reigns, throughout, a divine coherency, an unbroken unity ; we feel that the long history is also a symbol and a prophecy ;* that each writer was but the instrument, often the wholly unconscious instrument, of purposes loftier than his own, and the utterer of language often deeper than he himself could understand ; we feel that in the old Testament the New is pre-figured, in the New the Old fulfilled. From beginning to end we recognize the truth, that though God is in all history, never had any nation a history so significant as that of this nation : none have ever known as these knew, or taught as these teach, the holiness of God and the majesty of man.

* “ Dum narrat gestum prodit mysterium,”—*Greg. Magn.*

Once more, we feel an essential difference in many respects between all other books and those of which the Scriptures are composed. If we take up any uncanonical or Apocryphal book of the same people, they often fill us with an astonishment largely mingled with contempt, and we feel that there is hardly one such book which, had it been admitted into the sacred canon, would not have given us a violent and painful shock. And if we take in hand the very richest, loftiest, deepest utterances of wisdom, whether Christian or Pagan, we find not only that they never surpass this book, but even when its lessons were before them, and its wisdom had been instilled into them from childhood, they never equal it. The very best of these bear upon their pages the glaring proofs of human infirmity and human sin ; but this book, when accepted in its completeness, when regarded in its true unity, seems, even in what might appear to be its weakest places, to transcend all human imperfections, and even in its most perilous narratives, to be exempt from every human stain. Through other books the gust of passion and emotion sweeps with uncontrollable mastery ; this, because " the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets," never even in its most passionate passages, escapes beyond the true limits of a holy self-control. Other literatures depend for their power on the gifts of human genius, and the splendor of human eloquence ; this seems to rise superior to the aid of genius, and, though it surpasses all other eloquence of oratory or song, it stands in no apparent need of such adornment ! Other books appeal mainly to their own times and nations ; this is equally dear to any nation in every age. *They* depend for their chief power and beauty upon the language in which they are written ; *this* is easily and universally translatable with no real evaporation of the Divine message which it contains. *They*

appeal mainly to separate classes or to isolated intellects ; *this* is “ universal as our race, individual as ourselves.” *They* are either for the aged or for the youthful—for the learned only, or only for the ignorant ; *this*, while inexhaustible to the learned is intelligible to the ignorant—it neither sates the aged when familiar, nor tires the young when new. It has shallows which the lamb can ford, and depths which the elephant must swim. It is, to borrow the image of the greatest of the Latin Fathers, a great sea, whose smiling surface breaks in refreshing ripples at the feet of our little ones, but into whose unfathomable depths the wisest may gaze with the shudder of amazement and with the thrill of love.*

ii. And that this book does not stand on the same level as other books—that, in comparison with all other previous or contemporaneous literatures, *it* is sacred and *they* profane—all Christians are agreed. They are agreed, too, that it is not written by man’s unaided wisdom. Many parts of it contain a history of events and actions which, to an extent that can be predicated of no other history, were evidently ordained by God as a distinct indication of his nature and his will ; many parts of it reveal to us directly, and apart from all allegory or metaphor, the thoughts of God so far as the Infinite may be comprehensible to the finite ; many again furnish us with hopes and promises which give a new impulse and a new dignity to life, such as were never attained by human insight or even dimly shadowed forth in human words. All this is summed up in the one expression, that the Bible was written by Divine inspiration. This, too, is an expression accepted in all Christian communities,

* “ Mira profunditas eloquiorum tuorum, quorum ecce ante nos superficies blandiens parvulis ; sed mira profunditas, Deus meus, mira profunditas ! Horror est intendere in eam ; horror honoris et tremor amoris.” Aug., *Conf.*

as similar expressions were by the Jewish.* By St. Paul the Scriptures are called hallowed because given by God, holy as revered by men. The terms "God-inspired," "Borne by the Spirit," or simply "inspired" are applied by the Fathers to the writers; and the books are rarely quoted in the early literature of Christianity without some qualifying adjective, expressive of their sanctity, divinity, or inspiration. The Church, in every age and every nation, has ever felt that the Holy Scriptures are indeed a tree of life, and that "the leaves of that tree are for the healing of the nations."

3. The broad and general meaning of the words "revelation" and "inspiration" admits of no doubt. By "revelation" we imply either the process by which God makes himself known to man, or the knowledge thus obtained; and all such revelations have been completed and perfected by Christ, the Word of God, who declared and manifested his Father to mankind.† By "inspiration" we mean that influence of the Holy Spirit which, when in-breathed into the mind of man, guides and elevates and enkindles all his powers to their holiest and noblest exercise.‡ It is, if we may apply to it the language which Jesus the son of Sirach applies to wisdom, "the brightness of the everlasting light," "the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty; which being but one can yet do all things; and remaining

* Maccabees vi. 23.

† It is hardly necessary to point out the singular incompleteness of the definition of this word in Hook's *Church Dictionary*, where it is defined to be "the declaration of God's will contained in the sacred writings of the Old and New Testament."

‡ "There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding" (Job xxxii. 8). "See, I have called by name Bezaleel . . . and I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom. . . to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass" (Exod. xxxi. 2-4).

in herself, yet regenerateth all other powers, and maketh all things new," and, "in all ages entering into holy souls, maketh them friends of God and prophets."* And since neither in Scripture nor by the Church is the nature or limit of inspiration further defined—since all Christians, and even many who are not Christians, are fully agreed that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary for salvation"—since, if the knowledge were in reality necessary for us, we should hardly have been left without further and more definite guidance—since "God judges that he may teach, not teaches that he may judge,"†—might it not be well to accept this belief in the simplicity with which we have received it, and to avoid all further discussion of it as due to that spirit of system, that *idolum theatri*, that fruitful source of error and of bigotry, which has done such infinite damage to the cause of Christian charity and the conceptions of Christian faith?

4. But however earnestly we might desire to avoid further definition and discussion, the complexities of modern inquiry, the vehemences of theological controversy, even the necessities of an extended exegesis, render it imperative either that we should accept one or other of the theories which have been propounded or at least give a calm and careful reason why we prefer to leave the question as little defined as the Holy Scriptures themselves have left it, and therefore decline the specific adoption of any one of them.

Now there are no less than five well-marked theories—each of them tenable in the pale of the English Church, each of them supported by powerful arguments, each of them maintained by men of eminent authority, each of them compatible with earnest Christian faith, each of them depending for their validity upon obvious phenomena—which under some

* Wisd. vii. 25-27.

† T. Erskine.

modification or other have found supporters in every age of the Church. These theories we must first state, and without necessarily giving our definite adherence to any one of them, we must briefly discuss the grounds on which they rest.

The first may be called briefly the *organic*, mechanical, or dictation theory. It held that every sentence, every word, nay, even every syllable, letter, and vowel-point of Scripture had been divinely, and supernaturally imparted: * that the authors of the various books, known or unknown, had no share in the composition; but they were but the amanuenses and instruments, "not only the penmen but the pens" of the Holy Spirit—being not even the active recipients, but the mere passive vehicles, of that which through them, but with no co-operation of their own, was imparted to mankind. According to those who held, or possibly even hold, this theory, the Bible not only records but *is* a revelation, not only reveals but *is* a religion, not only contains but *is* the Word of God. This theory may indeed be countenanced by incidental expressions of the Fathers rather than by their actual method of dealing with Scripture, * but it is mainly since the Reformation and in Protestant Churches that it has been formulated into an accurate theological dogma or that any great stress has been laid upon it. It found a partial expression in the popular but loose and narrow formula of Chillingworth, "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants."

ii. The second theory has been called the *dynamic*. It holds that Holy Scripture was not

* We may instance Jerome's criticisms on the "Rusticitas" in the style of some of the prophets, the "sol-ecisms" of St. Paul, &c. (Proem in *Esaiam*?; Proem in *Jerem.*; ad *Gal.* iii 1, &c.); and even his great opponent, St. Augustine, says that the Evangelists wrote "ut quisque meminerat et ut cuique cordi erat" (*De Cons. Evang.* ii. v.).

“dictated by,” but “committed to writing under the guidance of,” the Holy Spirit. While recognizing the Divine energy, it does not annihilate the human co-operation. The truths are inspired by the Holy Spirit, the words and phrases are the result of the writer’s own individuality; the material is of God, the form is of man. Just as, in the old mythology, Apollo was regarded as the mere receiver of the oracles which he delivered—learning them from Zeus, but interpreting them for men—so the prophet is, to use the phrase of Philo, the “interpreter” of those as yet unspoken thoughts which God suggests to his understanding. To borrow a metaphor which is very common among the Fathers, the wind breathes upon the Æolian harp, which without its agency utters no sound, but the resultant melody is largely modified by the actual construction of the lyre itself. There may be weaknesses and imperfections in the mode of expression; there can be none in the truth revealed. The books of Scripture, though not dictated, are yet infallible, indisputable, perfectly truthful in the minutest particular. The theory may be best summed up in the pregnant expression of St. Augustine, “*Inspiratus a Deo sed tamen homo*”; and it is perhaps the view most prevalent in the English Church.

iii. The next theory may be called the theory of *illumination*. I adopt this term because it recognizes various *degrees of inspiration*. Now inspiration, properly speaking, cannot admit of degrees. *Illumination*, as has been frequently pointed out, may be intermittent; it may sink into the faintest possible twilight, or may beam with noonday splendor; but, from the very nature of the case *inspiration* must be continuous. It is true that this theory does not necessarily exclude the former, but it regards the subject from a wholly different point of view. This view dates from the days of the Rabbis, who not only divided the Scriptures into the

law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa, but distinguished also between the "Prophetic Spirit" which inspired the Law and the Prophets, and the "Holy Spirit" which enabled men to write such words of holiness and wisdom as do not transcend the ordinary faculties of man to attain, and which was the only inspiring power recognized by them in the Kethubim.* From the days of the schoolmen downwards the different degrees of inspiration have been variously classified. Some have distinguished between the grace of *superintendency*, which merely saved from positive error; the grace of *elevation*, which uplifted the thoughts and words to a lofty standard; the grace of *direction*, which guided them alike in what they omitted as in what they expressed; and the grace of *suggestion*, which vouchsafed to supply both words and thoughts. Others, again, and this is a view which has found some favor among leading theologians of the Church of Rome, distinguish between *antecedent*, *concomitant*, and *consequent inspiration*, the last being merely a general sanction that a book, though not written by the aid of the Holy Spirit, yet contains nothing false. Although this theory does not ostensibly abandon the doctrine of inspiration for the whole of Scripture, it is clear that in its extremest form it nearly merges into the next theory; for, to quote the words of Bishop Daniel Wilson, in his *Evidences of Christianity*, "where nature ended and inspiration began, it is not for man to say."

iv. The next theory, which has been widely embraced, may be call theory of *essential* as distinguished from *plenary* inspiration. Its favorite formula is, that the Bible *contains* the word of God, while it rejects, as inaccurate, the expression that the Bible *is* the word of God. Those who accept this view believe, indeed, that the Holy Scriptures are the record of a

* Maimonides, *More Nevochim*, ii. 37, 45.

Divine revelation, and that their authors were inspired by the Holy Spirit, but they confine this inspiration to matters of doctrine, matters of morality, and, above all, matters of faith.* They do not accept as necessarily inspired or infallible the accidental allusions and passing phrases of Scripture. They do not consecrate the *obiter dicta auctoris aliud agentis*. They do not believe that the sacred writers would have wished us to attach the slightest importance to the scientific accuracy or inaccuracy of the popular expressions in which they describe natural phenomena or natural laws. They would not be in the least shocked to find that Moses could have expressed a current fallacy of observation, that St. Stephen could have fallen into an error of memory, or that St. Paul could have founded an illustration upon a mere Rabinnical tradition. This was the theory held by Erasmus, R. Simon, Grotius, Le Clerc, and Pfaff; † it is now held by many eminent Roman Catholic divines, even when they differ so widely as Perrone and Dr. Döllinger; it is accepted by the great mass of German theologians of profound learning and unimpeachable orthodoxy; it has been formally repeated and sanctioned among ourselves, even by writers so widely separated as Bishop Lowth, Bishop Warburton, Archdeacon Paley, Clarke, Doddridge, Baxter, Archbishop Sumner, and Mr. Thomas Scott. ‡

* St. Thomas Aquinas distinguishes between the things that belong to faith, *principaliter* and *indirecte*.

† See Tholuck in Herzog's *Cyclopædia*.

‡ The name of Luther has often been claimed as sanctioning some such view, and his slighting language as regards the Apocalypse, and the Epistle of Jude, no less than his contemptuous rejection of the Epistle of St. James, as an "epistola straminea," might seem at first sight to sanction it. The fact is, however, different. Luther sets up in his own mind a certain arbitrary test of canonicity and inspiration—viz., that no writing was inspired unless in some degree it testified to the truth of Christ's Gospel ("Auch ist das der rechte Pruffestein alle Bucher zu tadeln, wenn man siehet ob sie

v. The fifth theory may be called that of *ordinary* inspiration. The other four may differ in the extent to which they apply the working of inspiration, but they all agree in regarding it as being an *extraordinary*, transcendent, and supernatural energy. The fifth, on the other hand, which found in Schleiermacher its foremost exponent, regards inspiration as a thing entirely subordinate in the Divine economy. It believes that Christ came to reveal and declare his Father to mankind, and that the New Testament contains the truthful record of his life, his death, and the doctrine which he taught. The holders of this theory believe that the action of the Holy Spirit, as exercised in the inspiration of Scripture, is not *generically* distinct from the ordinary influence of that Holy Spirit upon the heart and intellect of Christian men, which all admit to be *analogous* to it.* They believe that the Bible animates and awakens the religious consciousness of man, but they attach no infallible truthfulness to all its utterances, nor any Divine sanctity to its incidental and non-religious teachings. They hold that each book and passage of Scripture must be tested by its inherent consistency with that which we learn of God's will from his revelation of himself, above all, in the life of Christ. They attach consummate importance to the saying of St. Paul, "The letter killeth, the spirit giveth life."†

Christum treiben oder nicht"); and acting on this test he rejected these portions of the Canon (see Loe on *Inspiration*, pp. 72, 426.)

* Analogous expressions to those in which inspiration is described by the Fathers may also be found in Pagan writers—*e. g.* Plato, *Ion.*, pp. 553, 534; *Tim.*, p. 74; Arist., *De Mundo*, 4; Cic., *De Div.*, i. 50; Liv. v. 15; Sen., *Ep.* 27; Virg. *Aen.*: vi. 47; and many other passages, which may be summed up in Cic. *Pro Arch.* 8:—"Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit."

† 2 Cor. iii. 6. Cf. Rom. vii. 6, "That we should serve in newness of spirit, not in the oldness of the letter." (ii. 29).

It is clear that this theory is the very antipodes of the first or organic theory. According to the *organic* theory, the Bible is in every text absolutely supernatural, transcendently divine; according to the *dynamic* theory, it is throughout human, as well as throughout divine; according to the *illumination* theory, it is divine, but in differing degrees; according to the *essential* theory, it is divine only in matters of faith according to the *ordinary* theory, it is inspired but not always miraculous—sacred but not always supernatural—that it is always to be revered, but not always and in every point to be accepted as divinely authoritative; that it is divine only as all else is divine which is good and noble*—in so far as the heart of man is divine when under the influence of the indwelling Spirit of God.

5. The very fact that all these theories are severally held by men of authority in the English Church, and that, by formal decision of the Court of Ultimate Appeal, even the fifth is, within certain limitations, capable of being maintained without any violation of her formularies, would naturally lead us to the conclusion that she has pronounced upon the question no authoritative decision. Such is indeed the case. The Church of England requires of her ministers a belief that “Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation;” † she defines Holy Scripture to be the undoubtedly canonical books of the Old and New Testament; she makes a passing allusion to Scripture as “God’s word written;” ‡ she declares that the Old Testament is not contrary to the New, and that in both alike everlasting life is offered to mankind by Christ; § she requires of her priests and deacons “unfeignedly to believe” them, and to be persuaded that they “contain sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity

* James i. 17.

† Art. VI.

‡ Art. XX.

§ Art. VII.

for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ." It is clear that in these passages, while the Scriptures are accepted as a volume in the highest degree sacred, yet no exclusive sanction is given to any special theory of inspiration. Indeed, so far as the word is concerned, it is a singular, though possibly an undesigned circumstance, that both the word "inspiration" and the verb "inspire" occur but five times in the Book of Common Prayer, and in every one of those five instances are used to imply, not the extraordinary and, so to speak, extinct, but the ordinary and continual workings of the Holy Spirit of God—the inspiration which cleanses the thoughts of the Christian's heart*—the inspiration which enables us to think those things that be good†—the inspiration which makes our works pleasant and acceptable to God.‡

6. Nor again is the language of Scripture on the subject of its own inspiration so definite or decisive as to justify us in building up formal theological systems on isolated passages, treated apart from the general progress of revelation. Undoubtedly there is a vast multitude of passages in which the inspired writers claim to be delivering the direct passages of God.§ The Scriptures generally are called the "oracles of God."|| In three several in-

* Collect in the Communion Service.

† Collect for fifth Sunday after Easter.

‡ Act. XII. Cf the collect of the service already referred to, and the Hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*. The use of the word in other writers accords with this. Thus Milton writes, "Inspire as thou art wont my prompted song, else mute." And in his *Animadversions*, "And as thou didst dignify our father's day with many revelations. . . so thou canst vouchsafe to us (though unworthy) as large a portion of thy Spirit as thou pleasest. For who shall prejudice thy all-governing will, seeing the power of thy grace is not passed away with the primitive times, as fond and faithless men imagine, but thy kingdom is now at hand, and thou standest at the door." Many analogous passages might be quoted alike from ancient and modern authors.

§ 2 Sam. xxiii. 2; Jer. i. 9, etc.

|| Rom. iii. 2.

stances, passages from the Psalms are attributed to the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit.*

St. Peter says that "the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;" and he says that the Spirit of Christ was in the prophets. † St. Paul says that he taught "in words which the Holy Spirit teacheth," that "Holy Scriptures are able to make wise unto salvation through faith in Jesus Christ," and that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. ‡ He also describes his own teaching as not being the word of man, but "in truth the word of God." Our Lord himself appeals to Scripture from the beginning to the end of his ministry—in the wilderness and on the cross—and often in the emphatic words, "It is written," or "Have ye not read." § That these facts and these passages do undoubtedly prove the very deep reverence which we should attach to Holy Scripture, the exceptional weight and sanctity of its language, and its estimable value as the chief source of our knowledge respecting the nature and will of God, is entirely evident; but they cannot, except by a fallacy of extension, be fairly regarded as attributing infallibility to each separate statement in Holy Writ, or as implying that every book, and every portion of every book, was written under the influence of an exceptional illumination. Luther, in his commentary on Genesis, is careful to point out that the expression "God said," while it does imply the direct conviction of a Divine message, does not mean a necessarily miraculous communication or a voice in the air.

* Acts i. 16; Mark xii. 36; Heb. iii. 7.

† 2 Pet. i. 21; 1 Pet. i. 11.

‡ 1 Cor. ii. 13; 2 Tim. iii. 15, 16.

§ Mark ii, 25; ix. 12 13; xiv. 27.

It is said in Scripture of David, and of Samson, that they were powerfully moved and influenced by the Spirit of God ; * yet this did not apply so completely to their words or actions as to save them from the commission of even grave and terrible sins. The Apostles were mitred at Pentecost with the tongues of cloven flame, and were "full of the Holy Ghost," yet we know that they could and did err, and that in serious matters connected with the duties of daily life. Four times in the most solemn manner did they receive from their Divine Master the promise of the Holy Ghost, † and it was his last promise that he would be with them always, even to the end of the world. ‡ We know how fully and richly that promise was fulfilled ; yet it left them to the last "men of like passions with ourselves," § capable of errors both in judgment and in practice. || It has, indeed, been often and emphatically denied that this possibility of mistake could affect them in what they wrote. That they *did* so err I am not so irreverent as to assert, *nor has the widest learning and acutest ingenuity of scepticism ever pointed to one complete and demonstrable error of fact or doctrine in the Old or New Testament.* But what we are now considering is the possibility of arriving at some inflexible theory of inspiration ; and it is at least a reasonable argument to suppose that there may be a real analogy between the facts observable in, and the laws which apply to, the *lives* and the writings of inspired men. Except by a slavishly literal interpretation, and a fallacious extension of applicability, there is no passage of Holy Scripture which can be made to bear

* 1 Sam. xvi. 13; Judg. xiii. 25 Cf. Judg. vi. 34;

1 Sam. xi. 6.

† 15 Matt. x. 19, 20; Mark xiii. 11; Luke xii.

11. 12; John, xiv.

‡ Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

§ Acts, xiv. 15.

|| Acts xv. 36-39; Gal. ii. 11, &c.

the immense weight of meaning laid upon it by those who maintain that all Scripture, down to its minutest particulars, is absolutely infallible and supernaturally inspired. Accepted according to the ordinary rules of language, and tested by the simple and natural canons of criticism the writers of the Bible never claim for themselves, or for each other, any such purely miraculous exaltation above the possibilities of human imperfection. To claim that they write by the aid of the Holy Spirit of God, to insist with the whole emphasis of their convictions that they are delivering the Gospel and the messages of God, is a widely different thing from claiming that every word which they utter is as far above all human criticism as if it had been articulated by a voice from heaven.

A candid and unbiassed examination of the facts and peculiarities of Scripture as they lie open to every attentive reader on the sacred page will help us still further in arriving at a conclusion.

7 As a general rule, the authors of the historical books of Holy Scripture keep themselves entirely in the background. In the Old Testament there is scarcely a single historical book of which the author is certainly known, and the exact date at which these books were written is also, to a great extent, a matter of uncertain conjecture. While some of the writers were contemporary, or nearly so, with the event which they narrate, others lived many centuries after those events; and it is clear from their own distinct and repeated statements that, in the composition of their histories, they adopted the ordinary human means of assistance, that they searched in genealogies and public records, and authenticated their statements by reference to previous authorities. No less than ten such documents—by Nathan, Samuel, Shemaiah, Gad, Iddo, Ahijah, Hosai,* Jehu son of Hanani, Isaiah,

* This name is given in the margin of 2 Chron.

and others who are unnamed—besides historical papers and collections of songs, are quoted or alluded to in the Books of Chronicles alone. Further, it is clear that many of the books of the Old Testament have undergone a careful and long subsequent revision by other hands. They have, in fact, been edited with explanatory glosses and other editions and interpolations by later writers,* and especially, if we may accept the very probable Jewish tradition, by Ezra and the members of the Great Synagogue. † The same remarks do not, indeed, apply to the books of the New Testament, and yet it must be admitted by every honest inquirer that the language used even by St. Luke with reference to the method and motives of his Gospel, accords more accurately with the conception of reverent narrative and truthful testimony than with that of indefeasible accuracy and miraculous guidance. ‡

8. There are, again, in almost every one of the sacred writers, the clearest possible traces of an intense individuality, and these are the most distinctly marked in those whom we regard as the greatest of them all—in a David and an Isaiah, a St. Paul and a St. John. Their style rises and falls as the great gusts of passionate emotion sweep over their mortal spirits, even as the melodies of the wind-harp rise into a scream or die away into a murmur with the rising and falling of the wind. In the Psalms of David we see the reflection of every mood and passion of his soul—the prostration of its grief, the fire of its indignation

xxxiii. 19, where the text of the English version gives “the sayings of the seers.”

* See, for instance, Gen. xiv. 14; xxiii. 2; xxxv. 27; xxxvi. 31; Josh. xix. 47; Judg. xviii. 29, &c.

† “Sive Mosen dicere volueris auctorem Pentateuchi, sive Ezram ejusdem instauratorem operis, non recuso.” (Jer. *ad Helvid.* ii. 212)

‡ Or, as some Romish theologians express it, the historical books of Scripture were written not by *revelatio*, but by *directio* divina.

the agony of its repentance, the dawning of its hope, the intensity of its despair. The portraiture of the living, breathing, sinning, suffering, hoping, repenting, triumphing man is impressed on every line and page. Nor is it otherwise with St. Paul. His words are "a perpetual battle," and so instinct are they with the whole being of the man that they have been compared to living things with hands and feet.* And as he goes off at a word, or suffers his metaphors and arguments to get inextricably entangled, or breaks into some passionate self-vindication, and then suddenly cuts it short with the sorrowful apology that his converts have compelled him to become a fool in glorying, or with the sudden overpowering conviction that at the foot of the cross of Christ all human glorying becomes ridiculous and base, it is impossible not to feel that we are reading the words of one enriched with all utterance and all knowledge, but not so enriched as to leave him other than a man whose personal identity has been indeed transfigured, but not annihilated—as a man inspired by the Holy Spirit of God, but still liable to all human passions, and confessedly subject to the same weaknesses as those whom he addressed.

9. Again the *style and language* in which the Holy Scriptures are written are evidently human. They deliver to us inestimable messages, but often "with stammering lips, and an uncertain tongue." The separate books differ from each other, according to all human

* What a picture, for instance, of a noble mind smarting under an unjust attack, and filled alternately with transports of overpowering indignation, and bursts of yearning tenderness, and victories of reviving joy, do we find in the second Epistle to the Corinthians! All human emotions seems to be intermingled in it until, as we read the boasts wrung from a tortured humility, the egotism extorted from an absolute self-abnegation, we seem to be laying our hand upon a human heart which throbs with indescribable emotion.

judgment, in eloquence, in insight, in grandeur, nay, even in originality. Some of the sacred writers closely reflect the influence of the thoughts and expression of others. The later and minor Prophets show unmistakable indications of the extent to which their minds and thoughts had been influenced by their greater predecessors: St. Jude echoes not only the thoughts, but even the very words and illustrations of St. Peter. Again, their form of expression is often highly artificial; as, for instance, in the alphabetical Psalms, or in the elaborate series of plays upon names in the last verses of the first chapter of Micah. Once more, the style of the writers differs most materially with their circumstances and age. The Greek of the Apocalypse is the Greek of a writer very imperfectly acquainted with the language; it is in many particulars even barbarous and solecistic; whereas the Greek of St. John's Gospel written after a long residence in a city where Greek was universally spoken, is comparatively polished and correct.

10. Nor can it be overlooked that not only are the narratives of the sacred historians often fragmentary and incomplete, which might well be due to that Divine purpose for which all Scripture was designed; but further, that the writers frequently yet decisively *vary* from each other, generally in minute and unimportant particulars, but sometimes in grave and serious ones. In some cases a clue is given us which enables us to understand both the causes of the variation, and the true method of reconciling it; and this is the case in some instances to so remarkable a degree that we entirely believe such reconciliations to be always possible even when we have no datum which could enable us to discover them; but in some cases—as between passages in the Books of Kings and Chronicles—there are apparent discrepancies, and even contradic-

tions, which may, indeed, be complementary or supplementary to each other, but the existence of which makes it unnatural to suppose that the events were recorded with miraculous and infallible certainty. Even in the Gospel narratives there are variations which require violent and unwarranted hypothesis to reconcile them with any theory of Divine dictation.* The order of the three temptations in St. Luke. is different from that in St. Matthew, and it is therefore impossible that *both* should be correct and not natural to believe that the one which accords less exactly with reality should have been altered with any Divine purpose. The title upon the cross is given differently by each of the three Evangelists: two, therefore, of the three must in this minute and unimportant particular vary from literal accuracy; and the same remark applies to the *exact words* used by our Saviour in instituting the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. It must not be supposed that we desire to lay any stress on these incompletenesses, minute inexactitudes, or trivial variations; on the contrary, we may well regard them as an argument of the independence of our authorities from each other, and therefore as a quadruple confirmation of the facts which they narrate, possibly even, in some instances, as a needful trial of our faith, or stimulus to our research.

No impartial judge would hold that they affect in the slightest degree the veracity of the testimony delivered. No fair critic would dispute the truth of the simple remark of St. Chrysostom, "It is one thing to give different, another to give contradictory accounts." † There are, in fact, in the Gospels only such incidental differences as result from the indi-

* "Per hujusmodi evangelistarum locutiones *varias sed non contrarias*, discimus nihil in cujusque verbis nos inspicere debere, nisi voluntatem, &c." (Aug. *De Consens. Evang.*, ii. 28.)

† S. Chrys. *Proem.*, Hom. 1. in St. Matt.

vidual characteristics of the observers and recorders, and as occur in all histories, even those which are most majestically accurate: they are perfectly consistent with "substantial truth under circumstantial variety." But must it not be unhesitatingly admitted that they do militate against all theories which involve immediate supernatural guidance or an absolute exemption from even the most trivial errors? It is certain that small divergences could not have been obviated without a direct miracle; but is not the existence of such divergences a clear proof that it was not in accordance with God's will, that any such miracle should be performed?

11. An important inference as regards this subject may be derived the quotations made from the Old Testament by our Lord and the Apostles. The general fact about these quotations is the extreme diversity of the method adopted. Sometimes they appear to be direct translations from the original Hebrew; sometimes they are taken unaltered from the LXX.; sometimes they differ so widely from both as to leave us no obvious escape from the conclusion, either that they are quoted from memory, or that they were only intended as allusions and applications of the most general kind

The well known verses, "He shall be called a Nazarene;"* "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him;" † "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord;" ‡ "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light;" § together with many others, are either mere adaptations of general prophetic language, altered to a considerable extent, or are a fusion of the spirit of several

* Matt. ii. 23. † 1 Cor. ii. 9. ‡ 1 Cor. i. 31.

§ Eph. v. 14. It is not improbable that this is a quotation from an early Christian hymn.

independent passages into one. Out of 275 passages quoted from the Old Testament in the New, there are but fifty-three in which the New Testament and the LXX. agree accurately with the original Hebrew ; there are no less than seventy-six in which the New Testament, by differing from the LXX., differs yet more widely from the Hebrew, and ninety-nine in which the old Testament, the LXX., and the New Testament vary from each other.* To charge these quotations with inaccuracy and—as has frequently been done—is entirely to misunderstand their scope and character ; but they are not decisive as to this point—that what the inspired writers of the New Testament would teach us to prize and reverence in the Old, is the message delivered rather than the mere words in which it is enshrined—the main thought conveyed to us, and not the minutæ of the verbal expression ?

12. And without entering more closely into this part of the subject, is not the use made of the LXX. itself decisive as to the truth of this view ? To speak disparagingly or contemptuously of that famous version, to which we owe so vast a debt as the source whence much of the religious phraseology of the New Covenant was drawn, would be indeed ungrateful ; yet there remains the palpable and undeniable fact that, as a version, it is often most inaccurate, sometimes extremely erroneous, sometimes apparently untrustworthy. That some of the translators were distinctly biassed by Alexandrian philosophical tenets ; † that they were not superior to the temptations to slight

* See the very valuable and careful analysis and examination of quotations in Mr. Turpie's *The Old Testament in the New*. Mill (on Heb. xiii. 25) remarks that the Apostles sometimes quote the LXX. even where " si reponerentur Hebrææ, non modo periret vis argumentationis Apostolicæ, sed ne ullus quidem foret argumentationi locus."

† See Frankel, *Über den Einfluss der palästinischen Exegese auf die Alexandr. Hermeneutik.* § 7, 17, 25.

literary dishonesty when they thought that an improvement could be introduced; that their version shows traces sometimes of a reference to the Halachah, sometimes to the Hagadah;* that some of them were very imperfectly familiar with Hebrew, some of them with Greek, and some of them with both Greek and Hebrew;—in short, that in many places they have not understood, and in others have tampered with, the sacred text, is a fact easily demonstrable † and well known to all who have ever noticed the phenomena which this version displays. And yet this is the version to which the Apostles and Evangelists most frequently refer. Is not this fact alone decisive against what may be termed a materialistic view of inspiration? Any one who holds such a view ought, unless all logic and common sense are set at defiance, to maintain that the LXX. translation is also, even in its divergences from the Hebrew, infallibly inspired. ‡ This has actually been maintained by some writers, but it is a proposition so diametrically opposed to the most indisputable facts, that it

* A few instances from a single book may suffice. See LXX. Avoidance of Anthropomorphism, Exod. xxiv. 10; v. 3; iv. 20, 16; xxxiv. 10, 11; xv. 13. *Halacha*, Exod. xii. 15; v. 18; xii. 16. *Hagadah*, Exod. x. 23. Glosses, Exod. i. 11 etc. Alterations, Exod. iv. 6; xxii. 63; xxxiii. 22, etc. Frankel, *ubi supra*, *passim*. Hody, *De Bibliorum Textibus Originalibus*, *passim*.

† The peculiarities of the LXX. in many passages which exhibit the tendencies here alluded to, greatly resemble those which we find in Josephus, when he is particularly anxious to make Jewish history palatable to pagan readers.

‡ As even St. Augustine was driven to do “*Spiritus enim que in prophetis erat, quando illa dixerunt, idem ipse erat in LXX. viris quando illa interpretati sunt. Quicquid est in Hebr. cod. et non est apud interpretes LXX. noluit ista per istos sed per illos Prophetas Dei spiritus dicere,*” etc., etc. (*De Civ. Dei*, xv. 43). See Frankel, *Vorstudien*, I. i. 258, 267. After Hody’s great work such an opinion ceases to be possible, but it was maintained by Mr. Grinfield in his *Apology for the Septuagint*.

can only be regarded as the result of a determined but eccentric consistency.

13. Again, any doctrine of a continuous supernatural inspiration—of an influence directly and immediately Divine over the entire extent of the sacred volume—seems to involve a conclusion antagonistic to all our natural feelings when we read its different parts. Unless the door be opened to a spirit of boundless allegory and recondite mysticism, it is impossible to us, by any natural process, to avoid attaching a wholly different kind of value to different portions of Holy Writ. The ultimate test of the value of Scripture, the ultimate ground of our faithful acceptance of it as a Divine revelation, must, in the nature of the case, lie in its inherent grandeur, in the conviction produced upon our reason by the internal and external evidence of its inspiration, in its correspondence with the noblest aspirations of our whole being, in its satisfaction of the deepest wants of our nature, in its harmony with the deepest revelations which come to us from the starry heavens above, and the moral law within. But different portions of Scripture affect our minds in very different degrees; there is much that seems to possess only an historical, or moral, or prudential value, as well as much that stirs our being to its very inmost depths. There are writers of it who seem to walk with us familiarly on earth, as well as others who open to us the very heaven of heavens. To hold that all parts were alike, and to the same degree inspired, would be to rob them of their value—to remove them altogether from the region of calm and truthful criticism—to change them from what seems to be their legitimate aspect into an unintelligible burden and a useless mystery. Some, indeed, of the later Jews, who treated the Bible with an extravagant superstition hardly removed from Fetish worship, did not hesitate to say that the whole law was written by Moses from the

lips of Jehovah, from "In the beginning" down to "in the sight of all Israel"; that there was no difference between "I am the Lord thy God" (Exod. xx. 2) and "Timna was concubine to Eliphaz, Esau's son" (Gen. xxxvi. 12); that every sound, and every word, and every verse, were the words of Jehovah.* This was as illogical as it was unnatural, and it is hardly too severe to apply to it the language used by St. Gregory of Nyssa with reference to other vagaries of Jewish exegesis, that it is simply "a delusion and a vanity." † To embrace such a view as this—to attach an equal degree of inspiration to the list of the dukes of Edom, or to the genealogies of Chronicles, as to the last discourses in the Gospel of St. John—to accept with equal reverence St. Paul's description of Charity and the strong imprecations which David invokes upon his enemies—to value Canticles and Esther, which do not once mention the name of God, no less highly than the Epistle to the Romans or the Revelation of St. John—to attach equal certainty to the miracle produced by Elisha's bones and the vision of St. Paul on the road to Damascus—to reverence with equal devotion the list of clean and unclean beasts, or any other chapter of minute and abrogated Levitical observances, as no less the result of inspiration than the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians—is surely to treat the Holy Scriptures with a spirit of plus-quam-Judaic superstition; it is to attribute to them an authority which they never claim; it is to deny for them a relativity which they implicitly assert.

14. But, further, it is a consideration which we should ponder with the deepest care and reverence, for it was stated and revealed by Christ that the constitutions of the Mosaic law were in themselves imperfect; that the moral-

(* *Lehach Thobh* (quoted in Ersch and Gruber, s.v. "Inspiration").

† Greg. Nyss. c. Eunom., Or. xii.

ity which they sanctioned was guided by a spirit of gracious accommodation to the needs and shortcomings of a stiffnecked race.* If, as our Saviour taught in the Sermon on the Mount, even that law which was delivered to Moses on Sinai, and of which the immediate and absolute inspiration is more thoroughly and distinctly attested than that of any other portion of the Old Testament, was yet designedly suffered to be weakened by human imperfections, it is more than obvious that we have the highest sanction for admitting the possibility of the same and similar imperfections in other parts of the sacred record. Looking at the Old Testament as a whole, we find ample proofs that it records a revelation of God to man such as is not accorded by any other literature; but when we find also that it did not formally condemn polygamy and slavery—that it records with no apparent condemnation, at times even with a semblance of approbation, acts of national cruelty, of individual treachery, of indiscriminate extirpation, which the principles of Christ's Gospel teach us to repudiate—when we see in it no *specific* revelation of Christ's redemption, of universal charity, of an immortality beyond the grave—we are surely driven to the conclusion that, as a whole, it stands on a lower and more imperfect level than that to which Christ's Gospel has lifted us, and that, apart from its relativity, we are not warranted in accepting its every word and narrative as infallibly and in the same degree Divine.

15. Turning from the phenomena of the structure of Holy Scripture to the facts of its preserva-

* Cf. Matt. v. 43; xix. 8; Mark x. 5; 2 Cor. iii. 6; Gal. iii. 13-19; Acts xv. 10. In this last passage one of the most essential ordinances of the Mosaic law is referred to as forming part of "a yoke which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear." St. Paul also calls it a "yoke of bondage" (Gal. v. 1), and "weak and beggarly elements" (iv. 9).

tion, and regarding such facts as in themselves significant indications of what God would have us to believe, we shall find that many circumstances tend to confirm the general conclusions to which it is evident that our previous inquiries tend.

a. The Scriptures are not written in any universal language. Even if they were, all language is inadequate to the full expression of the human mind; it is at best but an asymptote to thought. But much more is it certain, that although the Bible admits of translation far better than any other book, yet when its thoughts are transferred from one language to another, much of their beauty and delicacy may be lost, something of their meaning and accuracy must be evaporated, in the process. The translator of Ecclesiasticus apologizes for seeming to come short of some words which he had labored to interpret, for, he wisely adds, "the same things uttered in Hebrew, and translated into another tongue, have not the same force in them."* Yet it is from translations alone that the word of God can be known to all but an insignificant fraction of the human race.

b. Nor is it from translations only, but from translations which, as a matter of fact, are often exceedingly imperfect. That this was the case with the LXX. we have already seen, it was even more so with the Vetus Itala so universally used in the Western Church; it is so with the Vulgate; it is so with every version, ancient or modern, which has been made during the course of 2,000 years, not excluding our own. Most of those who believe the Holy Scriptures to be infallibly dictated attach their reverence to the words of their English Bible, which, great as it is, and

* He adds, "and not only these things, but the law itself, and the prophets, and the rest of the books, have no small difference, when they are spoken in their own language." (*Prologue to Ecclesiasticus.*)

admirable and well deserving of our reverence, is yet, in many instances, seriously imperfect. Had it been the fact, that the original was free from every, even the most unimportant, error, or had it been of any importance to mankind that such should be the case, would its translation have thus been left to the inevitable errors of the uninspired intelligence, or its original text to the inevitable imperfections of human care?

c. For even the original text is by no means assured to us. That errors have crept into the numbers of the Old Testament has long been evident, and is admitted by the Jews themselves. Both in the Hebrew and in the Greek manuscripts, none of which are autographs—nay, the very oldest of which are centuries younger than the original ones—there are thousands of various readings, which, although for the most part of the most trivial and insignificant description, and although they by no means affect the general sense and tenor of the revelation delivered, are yet sometimes of extreme interest and importance. It is certain that many glosses have crept into the text.* There are even passages, now acknowledged to be spurious, † which have yet been accepted for centuries as integral portions, even as peculiarly sacred portions, of the inspired books. Is not this sufficient to show that what was really important was the Divine message and revelation, not the form in which it was delivered—the sacred treasure, not the vessel in which it was conveyed?

* These glosses, it is true, are mostly of a merely exegetical character, but this does not affect the position here maintained.—Though, says Bishop Wordsworth (on 2 Cor. iii. 3), “the theory of explanatory interpolations of marginal glosses into the text of the N. T. has been sometimes carried too far, yet probably this has been the most fertile source of error in some MSS. of the sacred volume,”

† *e. g.* Matt. vi. 13; Acts. viii. 37; 1 John v. 7. Many would add Mark xvi. 9-20; John v. 3, 4; viii. 1-11.

16. We have thus surveyed with a rapid glance the broad and obvious phenomena of Scripture, and it might be supposed that there was nothing further which could guide us in our conclusion. But Scripture is not God's only revelation to mankind ; on the contrary, it is one of the priceless blessings which Scripture bestows upon our race that it both refers us to other sources of revelation and alone teaches us to interpret them. "In the deepest meaning of the essential and only truth," says Stier, "all things in the world are only variously embodied words of the Creator, inasmuch as by His mighty word alone they are upheld in being; hence the same words in Scripture signify both 'word' and 'thing.'" "God does not," says Luther, "speak grammatical vocables, but true essential things. Thus sun and moon, Peter and Paul, thou and I are nothing but words of God."

a. For instance, God is revealed to us in HISTORY. With God facts are lessons. Amid the wildest tumults of national confusion His voice is heard. Amid the most intricate perplexities of human designs His hand guides the crashing wheelwork of human destiny. His Spirit is in the wheels, and unless the Spirit moves, the wheels move not. No man can study the history of any nation without hearing a great voice rolling across the centuries which proclaims a law older and more majestic than any human legislation. Such psalms as the 105th, the 106th, the 135th, the 136th, and indeed many others, are all but comments on that one Divine truth which is the only real philosophy of history, that "He is the Lord our God, His judgments are in all the earth." They are, in fact, interpretations of Jewish history, which reveal to us the eternal principles by which all history may be judged and understood.

b. Again, Scripture constantly refers us to NATURE, by which word we mean no mysteri-

ous entity endowed by the imagination with independent power, but solely the sum total of those laws which God has impressed upon, and whereby He governs, the material universe. "Duo sunt," says St. Augustine, "quae in cognitionem Dei ducunt Creatio et Scriptura." Here again such glorious psalms as the 19th and the 104th, together with the whole concluding section of the Book of Job, lead us to see in nature God's revelation of his omnipotence, his unchangeableness, his infinite majesty, the awfulness of his judgments, and the tenderness of his love. We are distinctly taught, indeed, that this was the main, and, for the essentials of man's eternal safety, the adequate revelation of God to the heathen world. It was hereby that "He left not himself without witness, in that he did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness."* It was herein that "they could seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being."† It was herewith that God made manifest to them what may be known of Him, "for the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."‡

Once more, God makes himself known by inward intuition, and above all by the voice of CONSCIENCE to the mind of man. This is clearly and emphatically stated by the sacred writers in all ages. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."§ "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord."|| This, too, is referred to by St. Paul as a direct source of inspiration. "For," he says, "when the Gentiles, who

* Acts. xiv. 17.

† Rom. i. 19, 20.

‡ Prov. xx. 27.

§ Acts. xvii. 27, 28.

|| Job xxxii. 8.

have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness." *

The fact, then, that Scripture recognizes apart from itself three great and separate sources of revelation—the fact that it recognizes a Divine light in the spirit of man, and a Divine providence in his history—may serve to account for the otherwise perplexing phenomena of pagan wisdom. It has been often urged as a sneer by sceptical writers, that there is scarcely a single moral truth or precept of Christianity which may not be paralleled from pagan writers. This is undoubtedly true, but so far from involving any discredit to the grandeur and sufficiency of Scripture, it is exactly what Scripture has taught us to expect, and we should rejoice with all our hearts to know that the Divine glory, which has shone like the noonday in our present dispensation, shot many a gleam of enlightenment upon heathen countries and ancient times. Nature, and History, and Conscience were to the heathen "oracles of God;" they suggested thoughts

.. At which high spirits of old would start
E'en from their pagan sleep.

"Just guessing thro' their murky blind,
Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
A cloudless depth of light.

"Such thoughts, the wreck of Paradise,
Through many a dreary age
Upbore whate'er of good and wise,
Yet lived in bard or sage." †

But is not the revelation given us by Nature, Conscience, and History exactly *analogous* to the fuller, freer, deeper revelation which we

* Rom. ii. 14, 15.; 2 Cor. i. 12.

† Keble, *Christian Year*.

obtain from Scripture? It is not vouchsafed to us by miraculous interventions, but by natural processes; it is not portentous, but normal; it is not absolute, but partial; it is not final, but progressive; it is not perfectly intelligible, but in parts obscure. It comes not in one continuous blaze of brightness, but in scattered gleams of light, shining amid interspaces of darkness. Much of it belongs not to knowledge, but to faith; it grants not clearness of vision, but certainty of hope. There is no shock of overwhelming conviction, no direct uplifting of the veil. After all that we have been taught of God, it still remains a part of his nature that "clouds and darkness are round about him," though "righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his seat." *

17. "By their fruits," said Christ, "ye shall know them. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" † The remark is no less true of doctrines than it is of men. And what, we may proceed to ask, have been the fruits of those theories which identified inspiration with dictation or infallibility?

i. Now, first, it is clear that a belief that the Holy Scriptures have been infallibly dictated, and are free from every error in even the minutest particular, has not given the slightest aid to those who desired to attain to an infallible standard. It has not tended in the slightest degree to save them from a multitude of aberrations, not only historical, political, social and scientific, but even theological and moral. Nay more, it has in some respects had a direct tendency to increase and multiply those errors, by fostering that style of dogma which, disregarding the analogy of faith and the necessary limitations of human thought and language, has built inverted pyramids of argument on isolated expressions, and drawn out many an "ever-widening spiral" *ergo* from the narrow aperture

* Ps. xcvi. 2.

† Matt. vii. 16.

of single texts." The divergences of doctrine drawn from the same document have been infinite in scope; and however infallible the text, the fallibilities of exegesis have robbed it of all decisiveness in many controverted points. Take but one single point, the long, dangerous, discreditable antagonism between Science and Theology, the obstinate opposition to new discoveries because they seemed to contradict the apparent meaning of isolated texts. The fierce and bloody persecutions of sectarian hatred, the ruinous aberrations of heretical fanaticism, the reluctant abandonment of obsolete tyrannies, and the violent defence of unjustifiable institutions, have all been due—have been due, as an historic fact incapable of refutation—to that view of inspiration which held that every word and letter of Holy Scripture came direct from God, and needed no modification from the analogy of faith. Oracles of God, the Holy Scriptures have over and over again been perverted by infatuated interpreters to their own destruction.*

Hence it is that the Gospel of Peace, the Gospel of Knowledge, the Gospel of Progress, has been desecrated into an armoury of fanaticism, an obstacle to progress, and a stumbling-block of science; the Gospel of Light, the Gospel of Love, the Gospel of Liberty, has been perverted to stifle the lamp of the philosopher, to kindle the fagot of the inquisitor, and to rivet the fetters of the slave.

ii. Again, these harder and more mechanical views of inspiration have caused a burden of incessant terror to the Churches and the theologians that have maintained them. They have led to all kinds of subterfuges, evasions, harmonies, distortions of plain language, avoidance of clear inferences, suppositions of impossible ellipse and impossible construction, tamperings with simple fact and simple record,

* A possibility of which we are warned in Scripture itself, 2 Peter iii. 16.

which in any other criticism would be branded with dishonesty. As there is hardly a single folly of the human mind which has not sheltered itself behind some phrase of Scripture torn away from its context, and interpreted with a hard literalism which ignores every true canon of interpretation, so there is hardly a great thought or a great movement or a great discovery inspired or sanctioned by the inmost spirit of Christianity, which has not at some period or other caused alarm and agitation to those who have persistently forgotten that the letter killeth, and that it is the spirit only which giveth life.

iii. Once more, such views, from which, as we have seen, nothing can be gained, are the sad cause of much being lost. This hard denunciative literalism repels many from that which they would otherwise reverence; it disgusts many with that in which they would otherwise delight. It destroys sympathy; it consecrates error; it invites attack; it confuses all clearness of moral vision; it blunts all delicacy of spiritual perception; it provokes controversies which it is powerless to silence; it accumulates difficulties which it is ineffectual to remove; it changes a rejoicing reverence into a burdensome superstition, and transforms a free and fearless faith.

18. We believe, ther, with an unfeigned heart fervently that Holy Scripture was given by inspiration of God; that in it is contained all that is necessary for salvation; that it is the most priceless boon which God has accorded to us, because in it is the fullest and clearest revelation of His will and purpose towards us and towards our race—of the duties, of our life here, and our hopes of the life hereafter. We believe that more clearly than in History, more loudly than in Nature, more thrillingly than in Conscience itself, we hear therein the voice of God, and that if its accents had not

been vouchsafed to us, those other voices would have sunk, first into lamentable uncertainty, finally into absolute silence. And as regards the method of its deliverance, we have seen a multitude of facts, both external and internal which lead us to believe that it was *analogous* to the deliverance of those truths which are vouchsafed to us from other sources : *i. e.* that it was only supernatural as the deepest facts of our spiritual experience are supernatural, and only miraculous as any communications must be miraculous whereby the finite is enabled to comprehend the teaching and will of the Infinite. We believe that in reading it we are reading the will, the message, the dealings of God as they were made manifest by the light of His Spirit to the minds of the messengers whom He selected ; but that these messages were not, for the most part, revealed by openings of the heaven, and unearthly voices in the air—not by signs and wonders to startle and overwhelm—not by shocks of visible manifestations sudden and violent—but by spiritual agencies analogous to, though far intenser than, those whereby, in all ages, God—who is the God not of Churches only, but of all mankind—has inspired and illuminated the hearts of men.

